WEEK ENDING APRIL 18 1925

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

BEGINNING
In this Issue:

The
SHOCK PUNCH

By John
Monk Saunders

A fair deception

Children think these fairy grains are confections—*you know they're whole wheat*

WHY coax children to eat foods that are "good for them"? Why distract a child's appetite by *commanding* they be eaten? Thousands of mothers have learned how unnecessary that is. How much better it is to give children the food they need in a form that they love.

* * *

Quaker Puffed Wheat is *whole wheat* with the lure of a confection. Crisp and toasty grains, steam exploded to eight times their natural size; gay as the morning, and with the rich flavor of nutmeats. Children revel in this most delightful of cereal foods.

Isn't it better then to give them this than less attractive foods, which contain but the same food elements? Bran, minerals; and when served with milk, the vitamines, all three; you'll find here in luscious combination.

Serve every day in every way you can. Try as a breakfast dish with cream or milk, or half and half. Serve as a joyous adventure with cooked or fresh fruit. Mix with melted butter to replace too much sweets. Give at bed-time as the ideal night-time dish.

Puffed Rice, too

Rice steam exploded like the wheat—"The Enchanted Breakfast" in a million homes; a delightful alternate with Puffed Wheat.

Quaker Puffed Wheat **Quaker Puffed Rice**

The Quaker Oats Company

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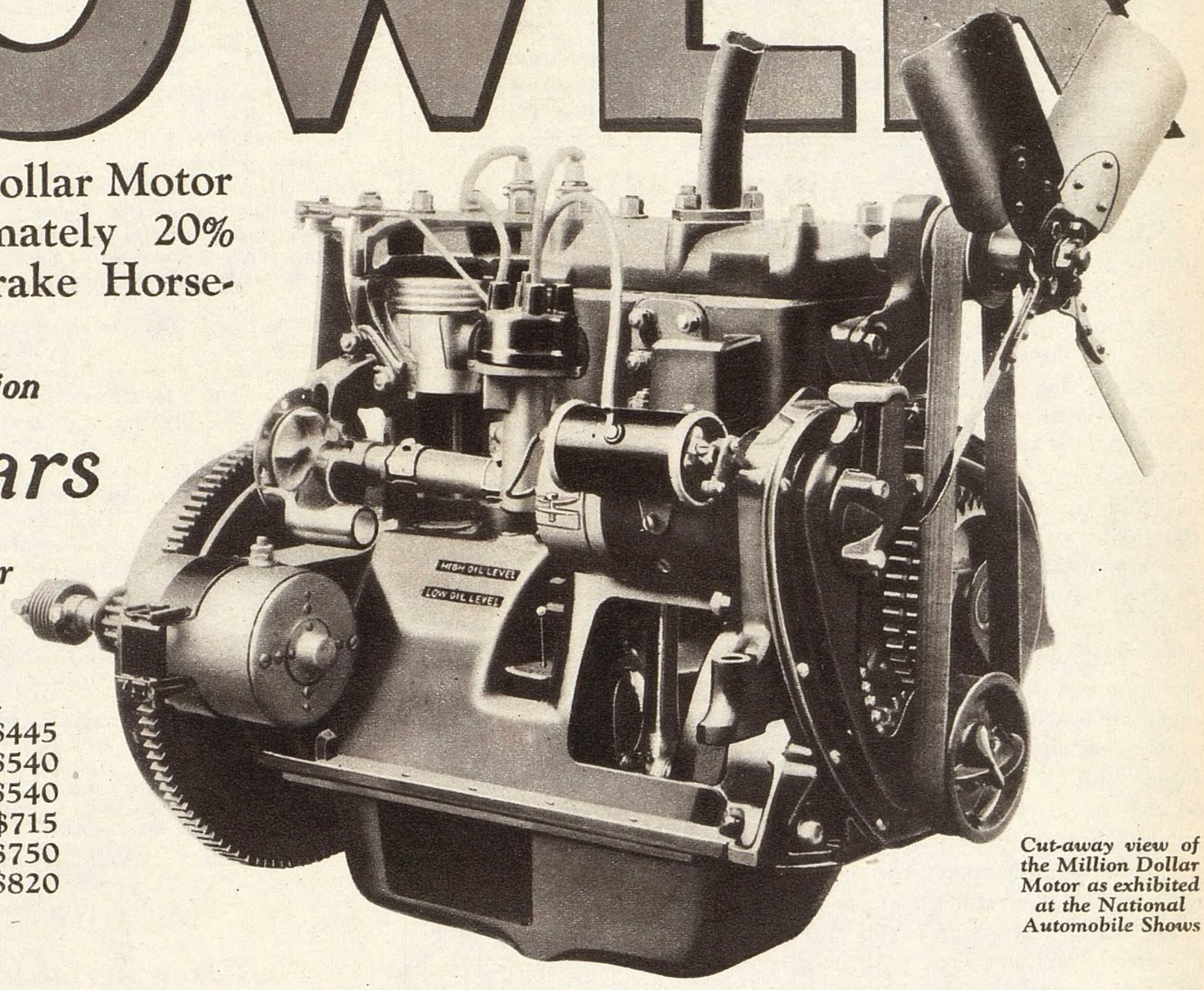

Cut-away view of the Million Dollar Motor as exhibited at the National Automobile Shows

How Is the 20% Extra Power Obtained?

1. *Increased Revolutions per Minute.* Engineering progress has proved the advantages of securing increased power through higher engine speeds rather than through increased capacity of the cylinders. In line with the best modern practice the new Star Motor is a high speed motor.

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Try a Ride Behind the Million Dollar Motor

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof." Any Star dealer will gladly demonstrate the exceptional power of this motor to any interested inquirer. Try it, then see if you can find its equal in the low-priced field.

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

CHILDREN OF THE SOIL

Adam delved and Eve spun and there was no gentleman. We belong to the soil and try to get back to it.

Golf is a species of agriculture. It is a substitute for following the plow. The same bobolink sings in the field and there is the same blossoming of thorn. A golf score isn't a wheat or corn crop, but the game is a sport on the soil.

Nearly all sport has a derivation from elementals. Hunting now provides luxuries. We depend on beef and chicken. Venison and duck are delicacies. Hunting is atavistic. The hunter is back on the soil again, a primitive being in a cave or under a thatched roof, just as the golfer is plowing or sowing the ground.

The football player is in a medieval tournament of knights. Baseball probably is a survival of Cro-Magnon or Neanderthaler feuds when men threw stones at each other and tried to kill each other with clubs. That's our own guess and of no anthropological importance. Things have a beginning and we are allowed to speculate. A battle of stones and clubs may have been the beginning of baseball and of cricket.

We all go back to the soil. The woman in a flat backing up on the elevated railroad in a city plants nasturtium seeds in a window box or buys some geranium or pansy plants for it.

It is an abnormal person who gets completely away from the soil either now in spring or later in the harvest. When the sugar water starts running in March and when the winter apples are red in October nearly all people, metropolitan or rural, feel the pull of the soil which bears them.

A self-contained rural community may sustain itself. It can grow its crops, grind its grain, grow its wool, and weave its clothes. It cannot have surgeons, industries, dentists, shops, theaters, etc. The city has and produces them and, while it gives them to the whole region about it, it asks for a surplus product from the soil to support it. The city is the only thing which raises the farm from living wholly on what it produces.

The farm gives the city bread, potatoes, grains, pork, and other foods. The plantation gives it cotton. The ranch gives it beef, mutton, leather, and wool. The city gives shoes, clothes, radio, electricity, telephones, automobiles, tractors, moving pictures, hospitals, medicine, surgery, art, theaters—everything that requires the intensive effort of people not directly earning their living from the soil from which their living must come.

The city integrates the country. It binds it together with steel rails and waterways. It distributes produce and factory articles. The man at the desk makes markets. In many cases he is from the country himself. If he satisfies his ambition he'll go back to the country, or he thinks he will. Until then he plays golf when he gets a chance. The city worker's idea of a pleasant day is one when he and the family have leisure in the car for a day on country roads.

Nearly all the people in the city so dependent on the soil have a rudimentary longing for it. That is what the small back garden, the window box, or the bit of a plant in a pot on the window testifies.

When the soil has come out of frost and back to bloom people who are far away from it, making shoes, sugar, clothes, iron ware, cement, and steel and doing the other things by which the city and the country live, are sent back to the cradle of their species by the first scent of lilac in the air.

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Cover Design by Frank B. Hoffman

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

A New Serial by Kathleen Norris

ONE of the most important novels of the year begins in next week's Liberty. It is a vivid, startlingly truthful picture of the American family in certain disturbing and much-discussed phases—of headlong follies and children playing with fire, parents alternately perplexed and indifferent, innate wholesomeness overlaid with an insatiable appetite for excitement. *Kathleen Norris* has never produced anything finer than this new narrative, called *The Unforgivable Sin.*

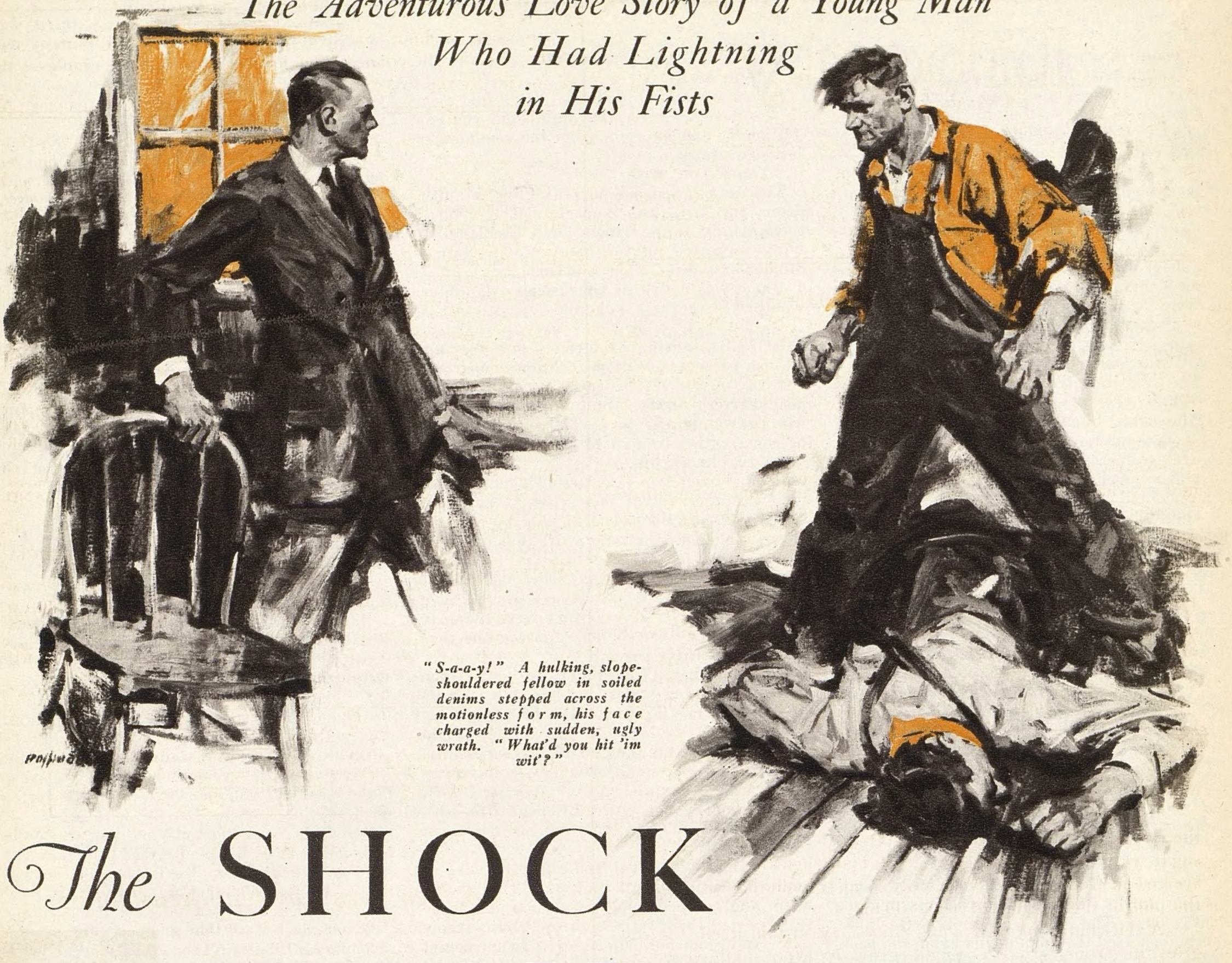
Edmonston Photo

ARTHUR SEARS HENNING
Author of How Much Punch Have We in the Pacific?

War games in the Pacific are being played by the United States this spring on the grandest scale ever attempted by any nation. Here, statesmen say, will be the theater of the next war. So there's significance in these maneuvers. What it is will be told by *Arthur Sears Henning*, veteran Washington correspondent, in a two-part article beginning next week, entitled *How Much Punch Have We in the Pacific?* The most exciting experiences of twenty-five years on the New York police force are recounted by *Isabella Goodwin* in *Adventures of a Woman Detective; John Monk Saunders'* two-part story, *The Shock Punch,* comes to a whirlwind conclusion, and there is more, of course, of the fascinating life of *John L. Sullivan.*

Special articles, short and long fiction stories desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Five cents a copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago. Allow four weeks for change of address. Published weekly by The Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, 431 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President; John N. Wheeler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1925, by The Coloroto Corporation in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

The Adventurous Love Story of a Young Man Who Had Lightning in His Fists



"S-a-a-y!" A hulking, slope-shouldered fellow in soiled denims stepped across the motionless form, his face charged with sudden, ugly wrath. "What'd you hit 'im wit'?"

The SHOCK PUNCH

By JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

Pictures by FRANK B. HOFFMAN

PART I.

JOHN MONK SAUNDERS hasn't had a long life—he was born in 1897—but he's had a full and varied one. After holding a lieutenant's commission in the Air Service, during the war, he received a post-armistice A. B. degree from the University of Washington. Subsequently he was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, served on the staff of United Artists in Hollywood, and wrote for the Los Angeles Times, the New York Tribune, and the American Magazine. He is the author of many special articles, screen plays, and magazine stories.

"BIG JEFF" ROGERS, superintendent of construction at the Bear Mountain Bridge, sat back in his chair, spread out his great hands fan-wise on his flat-topped desk, and looked up in mild astonishment at the young man who stood before him asking for a job. As did a half dozen overalled bridgemen, ranged about the newly boarded, unfurnished headquarters. As did Sally, the timekeeper's daughter.

Big Jeff's gaze was so diverted by the gray, double-breasted suit, the light blue shirt, solid blue tie, and the colored linen handkerchief flowering out of the breast pocket that he did not observe the set of the young man's shoulders or the line of his jaw.

"Do you mean it?"

The young man nodded. The shadow of a smile played about his lips, as if he sensed the contrast of his appearance.

"Ever worked on a bridge before?"

"No, sir."

The superintendent reflected a moment. Better go easy; maybe he was somebody's son.

"What's your name?"

"Savage."

Nope; that name didn't say anything; at least not to Big Jeff. He studied the youngster a moment.

"I'm afraid you won't do," he said, finally.

"Why not?"

The superintendent had not expected to be called upon to answer that question directly.

"Well," he said, slowly, "you don't look to me like you got the makin's of a bridgeman."

"I'll take any job you've got."

"I've taken on all the inexperienced men I want on this job."

For the first time since he had entered the office the young man appeared irresolute.

"But I thought," he said, "I thought there was always some kind of a job to be had on a big bridge like this."

Big Jeff shrugged his shoulders and looked past him. Another question apparently rose to Savage's lips, but he checked it.

"Thank you, sir," he said, quietly, and turned about, facing directly into the amused stares of the bridgemen who stood openly listening.

"Can you figger that guy?" one of them

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asked in a loud voice. "Wantin' to be a bridgeman?"

They all laughed explosively.

"Wot'ell does he think he's gonna do on a bridge?" growled another. "Pick flowers?"

Savage, looking neither to the right nor to the left, walked straight for the door. As he passed the cluster of roustabouts one of them reached out a dirt-ingrained hand and plucked the handkerchief from the young man's breast pocket.

"Goo'-by," he sniggered, flirting it in Savage's face. "Goo'-by, Willie."

Savage swung half around on his heel. His right arm crept up along his side as if it were making its way toward the empty pocket. Somehow his lifted forearm had the appearance of a cocked trigger.

"Watch yourself," he said, evenly.

The big bridgeman stepped forward and thrust his blue jaw almost into Savage's face.

"A-ah, be on your way!" he said, insolently.

Savage rose ever so slightly on his toes, swayed imperceptibly forward. His right shoulder hunched just a little. His fist leaped forward and upward.

There was a brave click as the bridgeman's teeth came together. His head jerked back spasmodically. The light seemed to leave his eyes even as he stared up at the ceiling. Then he pitched forward headlong, the side of his face flat against the floor boards, the length of his body stretched out in the curiously inert position of a senseless man.

There was a moment's stupefied silence.

"S-a-a-y!" A hulking, slope-shouldered fellow in soiled denims pushed out from the group. He stepped across the motionless form, his face charged with sudden, ugly wrath.

"What'd you hit 'im wit'?"

Savage regarded him deliberately, offering no reply.

He seized Savage by the right wrist.

"What you got in yer han'?" he demanded, glaring at the closed fist.

"Look," said Savage, confidentially, and, holding up his hand, he unfurled his fingers, one by one. The hand was empty. He innocently displayed the palm of his hand, the back of his hand, and he pulled back his cuff to show, to the enraged glance of the bridgeman, that there was really nothing up his sleeve.

"Why, you goddam——" he blazed.

"Watch yourself."

AGAIN there was the low note of warning in Savage's voice. He still held his right hand open in front of him, but his left forearm crept up along his side. He rose slightly on his toes, swayed imperceptibly forward. The muscles gathered behind his shoulder.

The furious bridgeman should have read the signs.

"Watch hell!" he snarled. "I'll snap yer spine, you god——"

The smart crack of a clenched fist driven with whistling speed against the point of the bridgeman's jaw eclipsed the rest of the sentence. His knees sagged, his arms fell loosely to his sides, and he sat down, suddenly, quite suddenly, on the floor. The fury in his eyes gave way to a glassy stare. His head rolled forward and he toppled slowly over on his side.

Savage looked inquiringly at the others. They looked fixedly at the two inert figures. Neither stirred.

Big Jeff strode across the room.

"Maybe you fellows'll mind your own business, *now!*" he snapped. "Clear out!"

Out they went, giving ludicrous assistance to two wabbly-kneed men.

The superintendent faced the cool-eyed youngster.

"I'll give you a show, son," he said abruptly. "When do you start?"

"Right away."

"Tomorrow morning'll do. You'll find a cot in the dormitory for the night, and you can get sheets and blankets from the commissary—and overalls."

"Thank you, sir."

The door closed behind him. For minutes, after he left, the superintendent stared thoughtfully at the wine-colored handkerchief lying forgotten on the floor, the bright reminder of a brief, violent episode.

But it was Sally, the timekeeper's daughter, who picked up the handkerchief.

BECAUSE, among bridgemen, one does *not* ask personal questions, Savage's departure left two mysteries beneath the roof of the headquarters shack. Sally burned to know who the young man was. The superintendent of construction wanted to know the secret of those two knockouts.

He had seen two stalwart bridgemen, able to give an account of themselves in any bout of fisticuffs, each knocked kicking by a single blow—a blow so lightning swift that it landed before either of them saw it start.

As a matter of fact, that blow had started six years before, when Savage was a lean stripling. It was the year they were living in the big house in the country. It was the year he met Dorothy Church.

He remembered the night, in fact, when that blow started on its long, singing journey to those two hostile chins. His father had sat down quietly beside him after dinner and begun to talk in his thoughtful, measured way.

"Son," he had said, "you'll be going away from your father and mother soon, and we'll worry about you a little. College life isn't home life. You'll be standing on your own feet.

"I want to feel that you can take care of yourself. My father taught me to ride and to swim and to shoot; most boys learned those things from their fathers in the South in my day. But, somehow, up here I haven't found the time away from business to give to you.

"When my father finished with me he knew I could shoot, and shoot straight, and he never feared for me. His father before him was a swordsman. As a very small boy I remember walking in the fields with grandfather when a discharged overseer rushed up to attack him. The old gentleman gave a quick twist to the handle of the light cane he always carried, and unsheathed a sword hidden inside. I remember how that bright, slender blade glistened in the sun. I had never seen it before, never knew he carried it. I recall how thrilled I was, and how the man slunk off.

"Men don't carry swords nowadays, or pistols. Most men go peacefully about their business. But sometime, somewhere, you may need a weapon, and it's a great thing to have one at hand.

"There is a modern weapon, I understand, that is as effective in an emergency as a sword cane or a pistol. I believe prize fighters call it 'the shock punch.' It's a scientific blow to the point of the jaw.

"Son, I wonder if you couldn't learn it. I was told at the University Club the other day," he continued, "that Wilde, the famous professional, has been engaged to take charge of the boxing room. They call him a master of the shock punch. Do you suppose you might take a course of instruction under this man if I get you a junior membership?"

Would he? Of course he would!

"Mind you," said his father, "Wilde is not to make a fighter out of you. He is simply to teach you the science of hitting. I hope you will never be called upon to strike a blow in your life. But I also hope, if the time comes, you will acquit yourself like a man."

Young Savage had gone directly to the University Club the day he got his card. He never forgot the shock he had the first time he saw Wilde. He was bald, he had a pipe-stem neck, long, bony arms, and spindle legs. He looked as though he might collapse like a deck chair at a single blow. Yet this was the man who struck the most terrific blow in the history of boxing, who bowled over dozens of heavier and mightier opponents with punches that traveled but a few inches.

Savage never forgot, either, the way Wilde scrutinized him the day he first appeared in his white trunks and boxing shoes.

"You're built *right*," he said, looking at the young man's wide shoulders, his slim waist, and thin, straight legs. "You'd make an awful pretty boxer, son, only your old man won't stand for it.

"You'll do no *trainin'* wit' me, see; no rope-skippin', or pulley weights, or shadow-boxin'. But just *hittin'*, see? So's you can knock 'em *dead*. The old haymakers and roundhouse swings is out, see? The smart ones, the champions, is all shock punchers nowadays.

"It ain't a punch you can use any time," Wilde explained. "Everything's gotta be set right before you shoot it. Every pound o' weight in your body's gotta be behind your fist. The jaw you're aimin' at's gotta be lined up right. Your arm's gotta be cocked right. You gotta be balanced right. Your distance's gotta be right, and your timing's gotta be right.

"If you shoot 'er too far, it's like a spent bullet, see? If you shoot too close, it's just a push.

"But when you shoot one right smack to the button—socko!—it's like tappin' a man on the head with a hammer. He'll drop like he was shot. An' he won't get up for a while. An' when he does he'll wanna go home.

"Now, look." Wilde gripped him by the shoulders. "This ain't somethin' you can learn in a minute, see? If you start in with me, you *stick*, see? Three times a week. The first time you don't show up, I'm through with you. This once-in-a-while business don't get us nowheres."

IT was Doctor Grace, his father's physician, who gave young Savage the scientific explanation of the blow, later. Wilde knew *what* happened when he hit an adversary a swift clip on the jaw, but he didn't know *why* it happened.

"There are really three vulnerable points," Doctor Grace told him, "the point of the jaw, the solar plexus, and just over the heart. A severe blow on the point of the jaw, say—I believe prize fighters call it 'the button'—depresses the nerve centers and brings about partial paralysis.

"The heart is suddenly deprived of its power to pump blood to the brain, and the brain is rendered helpless to send out and control the muscles. The blood sinks into the large veins of the abdomen, and remains stagnant there.

"The man feels dizzy and faint, and falls down insensible, unable to lift his arm or to move his leg. In other words, he collapses; his skin turns pale, and he is bathed in a clammy perspiration."

Savage knew now what was meant by the expression "knocked cold."

"It's really a syncope," said Doctor Grace,

"and it passes off as soon as nervous energy is restored."

Savage "stuck" with Wilde. Week after week, month after month, when he was home from college, Wilde drilled him in the science of shock punching. Drilled him 'til the impact of his blows against the swinging leather sandbag resounded like the drumfire of a riveting gun. Drilled him 'til he could whip over pile-driving punches with either hand, 'til his timing was perfect and his aim deadly. And always the aim was at the "button."

"That kid's awful harmless-lookin'," said the old professional one day as he sent Savage trotting off to a shower, "an' sometime somebody's goin' to crowd 'im. An' when that kid cuts loose . . . oh, boys! what a surprise somebody's goin' to get! When did the house fall?"

At college, Randall Lee Savage was envied for his good looks, his money, and the great name he bore. If he had any talents or any follies, no one ever heard about them, because he sailed an elegant, self-contained course. He brought the beautiful Dorothy Church to all of the college dances, and it was generally supposed that they were engaged.

As a matter of fact, there existed between the two something more profound than a promise. They had loved each other since the first awkward dancing-class days, this grave young man with his dark trick of silence and the spirited, unafraid girl.

THEY were opposites, which may have partly explained why they were so drawn to each other. There was always a light dancing in Dorothy's gray eyes and eager words on her lips. She was the one girl who could charm Ranny out of his habit of reserve.

The very first time she danced with him she broke through the air of constraint that usually existed between him and his dancing partners.

"You'll have to talk louder," she announced mockingly, after they had circled the floor three times and young Randall Lee Savage had said not a word, "because I can't hear a thing you say."

He apologized instantly and thereafter tried desperately to keep up with her running fire of talk. But Dorothy soon found it was almost impossible to draw him out or to discover what was actually going on in his mind. Consequently, he both puzzled and fascinated her. She called him "Mr. Still-Waters" and "Old Sobersides."

He danced beautifully but so evenly and with such lack of flourish that he made it seem commonplace. To Dorothy, he seemed to do everything well, but with so little demonstration that

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At the first touch of his lips her laughing defiance had fled from her like quicksilver, and left her clinging to him, frightened and a little bewildered.

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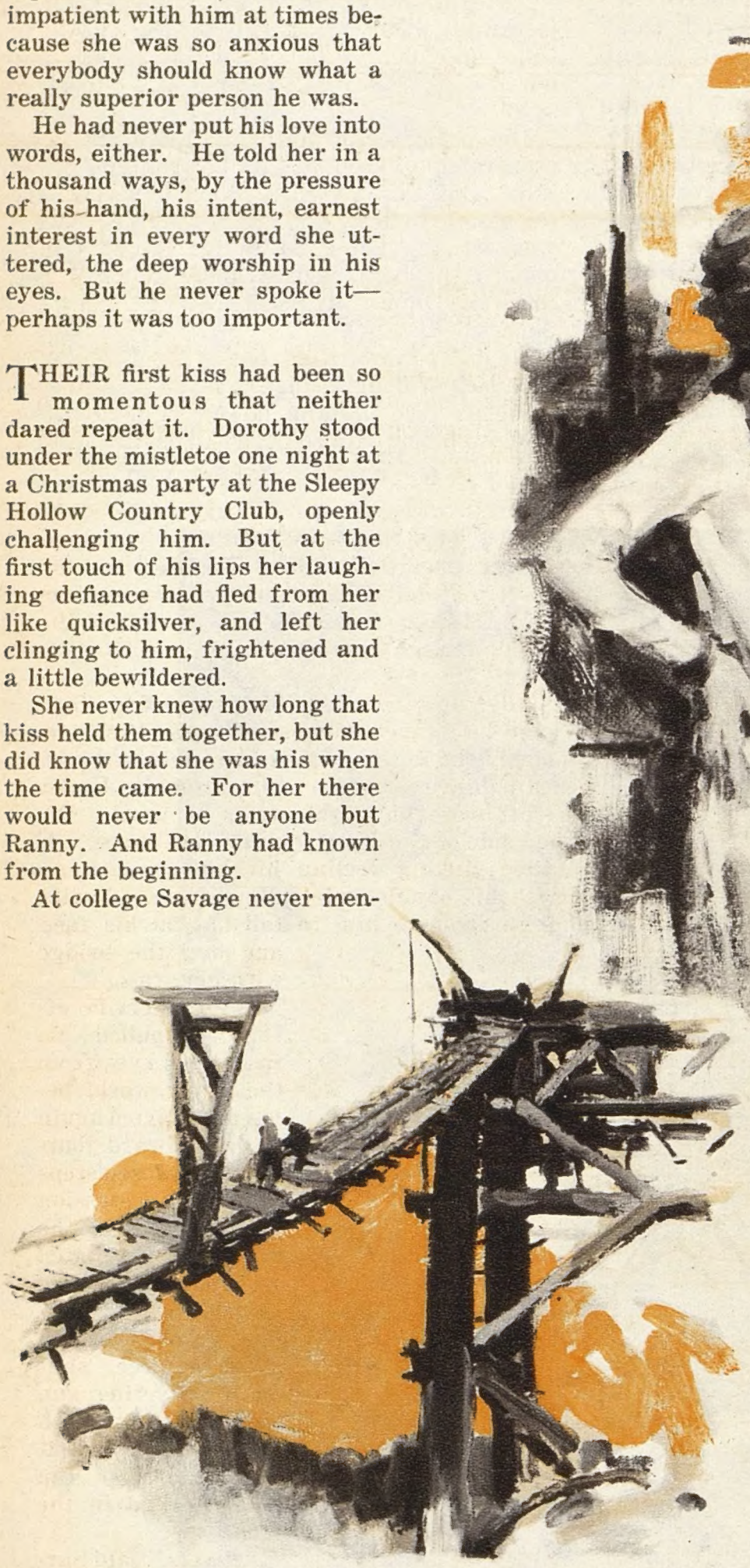
it passed unnoticed. She became impatient with him at times because she was so anxious that everybody should know what a really superior person he was.

He had never put his love into words, either. He told her in a thousand ways, by the pressure of his hand, his intent, earnest interest in every word she uttered, the deep worship in his eyes. But he never spoke it—perhaps it was too important.

THEIR first kiss had been so momentous that neither dared repeat it. Dorothy stood under the mistletoe one night at a Christmas party at the Sleepy Hollow Country Club, openly challenging him. But at the first touch of his lips her laughing defiance had fled from her like quicksilver, and left her clinging to him, frightened and a little bewildered.

She never knew how long that kiss held them together, but she did know that she was his when the time came. For her there would never be anyone but Ranny. And Ranny had known from the beginning.

At college Savage never mentioned his boxing, and no one suspected that he knew the first thing about it.



But two events occurred during his college course which were to have any significance later. The first was a dice game. The second was the death of his father.

In the general celebration following the Princeton football game his roommate, Bill Whitney, got involved in a reckless crap game, with disastrous results. In order to "win it all back" he borrowed from Ranny. Not only did he not "win it all back" but he lost further. His last desperate effort to recoup—with Ranny's money—cleaned them both out.

To Savage's straightforward way of thinking there was but one way of explaining his loss to his father. He told him that it had happened in a "game of chance."

"But, my son," protested his father, gently, "don't you know that there is no such thing as a game of chance? Someone always controls the chances. What was the game?"

"Craps," said Randall Lee, dutifully.

"Ah, yes," said his father, thoughtfully. "Your grandfather was ruined by the dice-box."

Then his father had done a characteristic thing. He had engaged, through his lawyer, an expert to reveal to his son the tricks practiced in sharping at dice.

"You see," his father explained to his lawyer, "I'm afraid Randall Lee has inherited a gambling strain. The way to kill it, I think, is to prove to him that most dice games are conducted dishonestly. The boy won't abide dishonesty."

Ranny was never known to play again. Whatever he learned from the trickster, however, he kept to himself.

IN his final year at college angina pectoris cut down his father with half a dozen power projects unfinished. The final reckoning left only the town house to Randall Lee and his mother, and an income from the estate sufficient to maintain it.

Lacking his father's direction, Ranny at the end of his term had gone half-heartedly to work, with several of his classmates, in a big New York bonding house. Six months later he was in an insurance office. A year later he was in a bank.

The fine career which everyone expected of him, and which his grave, assured bearing seemed to promise, was not going forward. Dorothy became more impatient with him than ever.

"But, Ranny," she protested, "I know you're not the pushing kind, but you've got to project yourself forward *some* time! People are beginning to think that you're just sort of—negative."

Savage had winced at that. For the first time, too, he felt resentment against those who insisted that he be aggressive. And, too, for the first time, he read in Dorothy's eyes what he had never seen before—doubt. She was beginning to wonder if, after all, Ranny was to play a minor role all of his life. To her spirited way of thinking, this wouldn't do at all.

"Why don't you talk to father about your—your career?" she ventured. "He has some positive ideas." But if Dorothy had known what her strong-minded father was going to say to this diffident young man next day she would never have sent him.

When Randall Lee Savage's engraved card was sent into the bridge builder's office that afternoon, old Daniel Church, of Terry & Church, structural engineers, debated with himself for several moments over whether he wanted to see this young man or not. It would be bonds or insurance, he told himself, wearily.

But when young Savage appeared he didn't try to sell him either. What he wanted, he said, was advice. Mr. Church, he knew, was an old friend of his father.

He wasn't moving along very rapidly in the bank, Savage explained, though everybody down there had been more than decent to him. He didn't see how, except over a long stretch of years, a young man without influential connections was going to get to the top of a big

The bridgemen stood openly listening. "Can you figger that guy?" one of them asked in a loud voice. "Wantin' to be a bridgeman?" "Wot'ell does he think he's gonna do on a bridge?" growled another. "Pick flowers?"

banking house. He had already tried insurance and bonds, but somehow that wasn't what he wanted. He was thinking of going into foreign trade. A friend of his, a Mr. Farjean, manager of a big importing house, had promised to keep him in mind whenever an opening occurred in the Paris office. Then, too, he had been thinking lately of the diplomatic service. . . .

OLD Daniel Church, who had been observing him intently, suddenly broke in.

"You've asked me for advice," he said, abruptly. "Now you're going to get it. Everybody's been decent to you—too decent. What you need is a few rough words.

"Haven't you got past that going-abroad-for-some-big-concern stage yet? Do you imagine that you can make a brilliant success in some foreign country when you can't even make a start in your own?"

Savage bit his lip.

"What's the matter with you youngsters nowadays, anyway?" thundered the stout-hearted old engineer. "Afraid to buckle down to a real job? Why, say—up at Peekskill there's a couple o' hundred red-blooded fellows throwing a steel bridge clear across the Hudson River!

"Over in Jersey City another gang is tunneling through the mud under the river to New York! Up in the Catskills they're blasting clear through a rock mountain to tap a new watershed!

"Those fellows aren't sitting around wondering about their careers! *They're doing the world's work!*

"Young man, any job's a good job so long as you pull off your coat and tear into it! But maybe you're too civilized?"

He saw a flush darken the boy's features. You couldn't help liking young Savage.

Then old Daniel Church said something he hadn't intended saying.

"Honestly—*honestly*, Savage," he blurted out, "until you show that you've got some real stuff in you I'd be ashamed to own you as a son-in-law!"

Savage was on his feet instantly, his eyes flaming, a quick retort on his lips. But, whatever it was, it went unsaid.

"Thank you," he said between his teeth, and strode out of the office.

If Dorothy ever hears of this, thought Daniel Church uneasily, she'll never forgive me.

But this history, of course, was unknown to Big Jeff Rogers, or to Sally, the timekeeper's daughter, or to Bull Mularkey, the boss riveter, or to any of the men on Bear Mountain Bridge.

From the very first morning they called him "The Duke." He came by his title as naturally as did "Texas," or "Red," or "Swede," or "Spud," or "Fingers." He never knew why he was so named, but it suited the bridgemen to call him The Duke, and The Duke he was to them.

It may have been his well-tailored appearance that first day, or it may have been his slim, straight carriage, or the poise of his patrician head. Or it may have been the blossom that always looked out brightly from the buckle of the shoulder strap of his overalls. At any rate the name sat easily upon him.

It was Bull Mularkey, the boss riveter, to whom Savage reported the first morning, who sent him up to the top of the east tower with a sack of rivets.

The east tower was but a slender steel shaft festooned with falsework, pointing four hundred feet toward the sky. Up over the top ran a tiny, slatted foot bridge swung from cables. Savage was half way up when the attack of vertigo smote him.

A GUST of wind nearly blew him off his feet, and he swayed dangerously near the edge. Suddenly the moving figures two hundred feet beneath him seemed to swim around. Under his feet were but light strips of wood. On either side was a sheer plunge into space. A horrible sinking feeling hit his stomach as though his bowels were falling away. A wild impulse came to him to fall flat on his face and hug the bridge with his arms.

With a terrific effort he pulled his fascinated eyes from the giddy world below and started again on his upward journey. In a dozen steps he was in possession of himself. At the top of the tower Red Holland, cap pulled rakishly over one ear, knee crooked around a stringpiece, shut off his riveting gun long enough to flash a friendly grin at Savage and ask him what he had in the sack.

"Rivets," said Savage.

Red studied him a moment. "Who sent you up?"

"The boss riveter."

"I guess he wanted to see how you took the air," said Red, grinning. Then he showed Savage the elevator laden with boxes of rivets, which ran up alongside the tower to feed the riveters.

"You'll have to watch Mularkey," said Red. "He's bad medicine."

A picture of the bull-necked, heavy-coupled figure of the boss riveter flashed into Savage's mind. He remembered the colorless, malignant eyes and the vicious line of his mouth. This was the man who drove ten gangs of riveters relentlessly at top speed from morning till night by the power of his heavy hand and the threat in his pale eyes.

Atop the bridge tower that morning, with a lusty wind whipping down the Hudson and multitudes of sounds rising from the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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gaunt skeleton swarming with workmen below, a strong friendship sprang up between the two youths.

"Where you sleepin'?" Red Holland asked him after dinner that night.

"In the dormitory."

"Come and live with me," said Red. "I got a tent up under the hills."

Savage was glad to leave the heavy, smoke-filled atmosphere of the dormitory for Red's clean, cool tent above the camp.

"Can you sing?" Red inquired of him one night after he had moved in.

"I used to," Savage confessed, "in the glee club."

"What part?"

"Baritone."

Red slapped him happily on the back.

"You're just the man we want," he said.

ON still evenings thereafter, when the Hudson hills echoed the harmony of the Rivet Slingers' Quartet, Savage's voice blended in with Red Holland's fresh, untrained tenor.

Red Holland was a full-fledged riveter, and his friendship meant much to Savage. It was Red who showed him how to operate a rivet-heating forge; who taught him how to heat and to throw a rivet. Between trips to the foot of the towers with boxes of rivets, Savage practiced throwing rivets with a pair of tongs into an empty nail keg forty feet away. It was Red who showed him the trick of flattening one edge of the tongs so that the rivet rolled off in true, straight flight.

"Keep practicin'," Red advised him. "They's four men on a rivetin' gang—the heater, the passer, the bucker-up, and the driver—and one of 'em'll get sick, or drunk, or hurt sometime, and you'll get a chance to fill in. You won't be carryin' rivets long."

Sure enough, a week later, the passer on Red's gang smashed his hand and Red asked Jeff Rogers for The Duke. That's how Savage came to be a member of Red's riveting gang.

In the fierce tornado of labor on the Bear Mountain Bridge, Savage flourished. His ears grew accustomed to the detonations of dynamite on the mountain sides where the road gangs were blasting out approaches to the bridge. The rattle of the jack hammers against hard rock, the machine-gun fire of the riveters, the exhaust of the hoisting engines, the creaking of winches, and the shouts and yells of the bridgemen became to him the music of life.

He was up at five every morning to see the dawn streaking the eastern sky and the early morning mist rising off the Hudson. He worked till seven at night, and he went to his cot dog tired. But his eyes quickened, there was more snap in his step, the languor disappeared from his manner and the office pallor from his cheeks.

In his heart, however, he carried the sting of old Daniel Church's last words. He would have given almost anything to write to Dorothy, but his pride forbade him.

Dorothy Church knew where he was, and she was very troubled in her mind. Someone had seen Ranny dancing one Saturday night at the Bear Mountain Lodge with a "nifty blonde," and had fully reported this circumstance to Dorothy. Ranny's disappearance, his silence, and now this news, distressed her beyond words, because, for her, there was no one else.

The "nifty blonde" was Sally. In a light print dress that scarcely reached below her knees and that hung to the boyish lines of her young body, Sally, with her corn-colored hair and her bright, quick smile, caught everybody's eye at the camp. She lived in a tiny cottage near the camp with her frail, white-haired father, an old employee of Terry & Church. Her mother was dead.

Savage was instantly drawn to Sally. He used to take short strolls with her in the evenings, until, one night, he happened to see a snapshot of her on the stand beside Red Holland's bed. Then he discovered that Red was desperately, hopelessly in love with her, had been since he first met her years before, when Terry & Church were building a bridge out in Idaho.

After that Red had contrived to get a job on every bridge where Sally Loring's father kept time. So had Bull Mularkey, Savage discovered. In an intangible way Savage sensed that Mularkey had some hold on the failing old man. Perhaps that was why he looked at Sally the way he did and why he was freer with her than anyone else thought of being.

Savage could understand why she held Mularkey off, but he was puzzled to know why she spurned the love of good-looking, dashing Red Holland. They seemed ideally mated.

Savage was walking along the rocky shelf above the river, about dusk, when Sally hailed him.

"Why aren't you at the dance?" she called.

"What dance?" he asked.

"Up at the inn."

"Well—why aren't *you?*"

"Oh, nobody to take me." She shrugged her shoulders disconsolately.

"Will you go with me?"

"Sure!" she said delightedly.

She ran off to the cottage to put on her new red dress, while Savage walked back to the tent to change his clothes. Then they walked the short mile to Bear Mountain Inn.

She could dance, could Sally. She surrendered herself completely to Savage, and they moved effortlessly about among the dancers. It was as if she had no feet at all. She laughed and chatted gayly. She seemed to thrill to the music and lights and the movement about her. But back of her laughter Savage thought he heard once a faint, hysterical note of pain.

THIS was some kind of release for her, he thought. He felt a surge of affection toward her, brave little Sally in her red dress.

"Where's Red?" he asked casually.

"Oh, the usual place, I suppose," she said, with a toss of her blonde head. But he saw a strange, unhappy look creep into her eyes.

"Where's that?" he asked.

"Down at the camp gamblin' away his money."

So that was where Red disappeared every Saturday night.

"They play all night in the recreation room," said Sally contemptuously.

"What's the game?"

"Dice."

"Does he win or lose?"

Sally laughed bitterly.

"They take all his money," she said.

"Who's they?"

"Oh, Mularkey, mostly."

Perhaps, thought Savage, he could do something about that.

Then Sally unloosed the ache in her heart, the words tumbling over one another as they came pouting out. She would never, *never* marry Red Holland. He was wild, Red Holland was. He would never amount to anything. She wanted to have things, to go to places, to meet nice people, and Red Holland would never make that possible.

Why, at this very minute he was probably losing his money as fast as he could. And he made good money, too; some weeks he made two hundred dollars. No, no, she protested with a quivering under lip, she would never, *never* marry him—no matter how much she . . .

It was midnight when he left Sally at the cottage and walked down to the tent. It was empty. Slowly he directed his steps toward the recreation room behind the dormitory. Lights gleamed through the windows. He opened the door and stepped in.

The final installment of this lively two-part story of a youth who found himself will appear in next week's issue.

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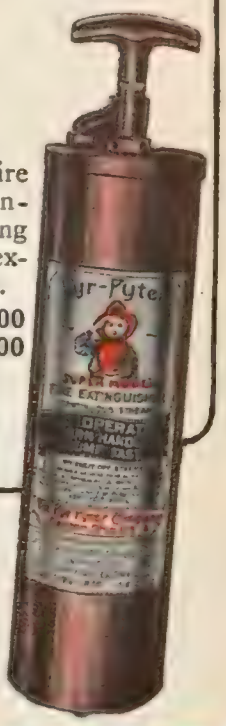

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In course of time came Waterloo. I don't know whether Wellington's performance was better, but it was a change.

Do You Dramatize Yourself?

From the Cradle to the Grave Your Ruling Passion Is: "Let's Pretend." Don't Believe It? Then Read This Article

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts.
—AS YOU LIKE IT, Act 2, Scene 7.

By HEYWOOD BROUN

Picture by RALPH BARTON

YOUR first reaction will be to say that you do not. But if you are a man or woman, two years old or more, I am prepared to bet the other way. I was about to make an exception and say those persons who do not dramatize themselves are in the institutions for the mental deficients, but that would be contrary to the truth. Those institutions, in fact, are full of graduates from life who have found the stage too meager for their great desires and great hunger in the matter of dramatic expression. Indeed, these people whom we call insane are those who have overacted the roles for which in fancy they chose to cast themselves.

But you and I are sane and matter-of-fact people. We have jobs and homes and coal bills to anchor us down. Very probably the parts we actually play are not terribly exciting. And that is just the reason why we invent dramatic moments for ourselves and turn to face an imaginary audience.

The scene is the breakfast table. You have gone through the terrible tasks that confront a man between his bed and bath; you are shaved and bathed and have combed your hair and put on a clean collar and found the pair of socks with the smallest hole.

The meal must be hasty, but as you eat you read the news. It is a cursory reading, but in those few minutes you pitch an exciting game of ball, beat Nurmi in a foot race, make a million by borrowing a hundred dollars and pyramiding on that, and elope with a chorus girl from a Broadway musical show.

Perhaps you have been elected to the Senate and are telling Mr. Coolidge what he ought to do about the income tax. Jobless men are marching the streets of New York seeking lodging in churches. You remain in these ranks only a second or so, for the breakfast room seems a little chilly as you read about them. The pictures from Palm Beach inspire you to more agreeable acting and in your mind you stretch yourself on the hot sands.

Every one of us indulges in this inner sort of acting and most of us go farther. Very often the things of which we dream color our conduct. Anybody who has ever sat in a tightly wedged crowd at a big prize fight knows that.

There is always some excited rooter within reach who digs his elbows into you as the fight goes on. You remonstrate with him, but he pays no attention. He does not mean to annoy.

If you watch him closely you will find that he is fearfully eager for Harry Wills to beat Luis Firpo and every time the big negro starts a punch the man in the seat beside you pan-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

tomimes the same movement. To be sure, he does not go through with the blow like the man in the ring, but the impulse is there. You can feel it against your ribs.

Somewhat the same thing happens in the theater. There was a scene in a play called The Potters in which a villain tried to induce the hero to sign a paper which would transfer the hero's fortune to the villain. I can't remember now just why the hero should have done anything so foolish except to oblige the playwright and help along the story. Probably he was tricked. At any rate, he sat there with the pen poised in the air and then, from the back of the theater, at the performance which I attended, came a shout of:

"Don't do that!"

Everybody in the audience laughed, and a little man in the fourteenth row hunched himself back into his seat and blushed. He had forgotten for the moment that it was only a play, or rather he had thrust himself into the comedy. He was the friend and pal of the hero. Perhaps he was the hero himself.

And there was no reason why he should have been ashamed of his outbreak. It is likely that every other person in the theater was collaborating in the action on the stage and seeing himself as one of the characters. These others merely played a little less strenuously.

I THINK every play which succeeds in the theater must give the spectator a chance to join the cast and see himself in the situations presented. He may come in as the hero or the villain, or as the whole company.

The incongruity of the identification makes no difference. When some great ballerina dances I rather fancy I see myself up on my toes and twirling. At any rate, my legs always ache a little the next morning.

And the acting done by the audience does not always end when the curtain falls. After William Hodge has passed through a town you are very apt to find certain of the leading citizens speaking their more important thoughts with eyes closed just as Hodge does whenever he wants to put over a telling line.

I know that after I saw Sherlock Holmes for the first time I used to slink around corners and shadow innocent pedestrians.

In the beginning of this article I set two years old as the age at which human beings begin to dramatize themselves. Upon reflection, it seems to me that the figure named is far too high. I remember having seen babies of not more than eight or nine months who went in for acting extensively. Even at that age a child can put more rage and sorrow into a spell of crying than it actually feels. Probably the bath is not acute torture. The baby can stand it easily enough, but he wishes to make a point. He simulates suffering and righteous indignation to appeal to the better nature of his parents. Sometimes it works.

Nobody, then, should be discouraged from dramatizing himself. It tides us over dull jobs and it may serve to make the community pay us more attention. More than that, it may be that after a while the role which we have invented for ourselves becomes actual. If you constantly think of yourself as a hero and picture this favorite character moving through scenes of danger with calm nobility the performance may stick when the time actually comes. This is not invariable. In actuality stage fright can seize upon the player and make him forget his lines.

History provides us with one classic instance of a man who dramatized himself and then made that vision come true. And there was amazing creative force in his imagination, for at the time he decided to be Napoleonic there had been no Napoleon after whom he could model himself.

Let us take him on a certain morning early in his career as he leans against a cannon and gazes out to the horizon. In one of his letters he admits the incident. The Bonaparte we see is a sub-lieutenant and not a very good one. He is leaning against the gun muzzle, looking off over the hills. The officer in charge hopes he is figuring a simple problem in ballistics; he has missed it three days running.

But he isn't thinking about that. He sees himself on a white horse and thousands swirl below him—a victorious army. He isn't thinking of the woodcutter's hut over the hill, and whether he can drop a cannonball on its roof. He sees the spires of Moscow and the tracks of the fleeing Cossacks on the snowy plain. He sticks his hand in his shirt. There is no gaudy uniform to hold it there. But it is a good gesture, a dramatic one, and it remained in the act. Napoleon got the job.

Historians have been inclined to ascribe his marvelous career to the fact that he possessed unquestioned military genius. That may have had something to do with it, but I am of the opinion that the gesture and pose he thought up for himself were even more important.

Frenchmen did not go out to bleed and die for Napoleon because he was a military genius. Rather they thought of him as a little man who kept a hand thrust within his coat. He was so perfectly the picture of an emperor that the drama-loving French simply had to set out and give him an empire. He was too fine an actor, they felt, not to be endowed with a production to suit his talents.

In course of time came Waterloo. In that battle Napoleon had to compete with another actor. I don't know whether Wellington's performance was better, but it was a change. The flamboyant Napoleon performance had run a long time. He may have become too set in his role or the world wanted another type and got it. Wellington's line was the simple, stern, silent soldier. Since his day it has been played by many men, usually successfully.

Most of the acting in the world of affairs can be divided into two schools: There is the romantic and the repressed. You may like to think of yourself as awing thousands by the fire and flow of your eloquence, or you may prefer to see them standing aghast and wonder-struck because you are silent and mulling about great thoughts in the deep stillness.

PERSONALLY I have tried both methods. Neither one has been hugely successful as yet, but on the whole I am inclined to think that the strong, silent man conception brings the best results.

I started to dramatize myself early in life. When I was about eight years old I came across a book called *The Last Words of Great Men.* It purported to report just what had been said by various notable people on their deathbeds. As a rule they seemed to die with rather swinging sentiments on their lips. By now I am inclined to doubt the authenticity of everything which was in that book.

I have a feeling that there may come a time when man is much too sick and weak for play acting. And yet I won't be sure. There are those who will keep up the performance to the end as long as life flickers. This assumed role may come to be much more important and, in a sense, more real than the natural man.

At any rate, I started in at the age of eight to get my last words ready. I wanted something which would convince the world that it ought to be sorry about what had happened. There should be at least a hint that, on the whole, the community had not done quite enough for Heywood Broun, but it was also necessary that this should not seem a cross and petulant note. According to the book, all the great men died resigned. All in all, I must have spent a good deal of my spare time for a couple of years in trying to get my last words ready. My impression is that I eventually found something suitable, but just what it was escapes me. Not dying for so long discouraged me, and I began to speculate upon other business than exits.

I don't ever expect to go back to last words again, for once I felt entirely sure that I was just about to die and no words came at all. Still, I did not cease to dramatize myself. And all about me people were acting.

I WAS traveling on a French steamer in the early days of the war, and seven hundred miles off the coast of France we sighted a submarine. I heard about it first when the forward gun on the steamer went "Bang!" and again, after an instant, "Bang!"

Another man and I were sitting in the smoking room playing chess. Here was an excellent opportunity to say something worthy. I might have remarked, "Ah, Death—the cosmic checkmate!" but, as a matter of fact, I scrambled to my feet and upset the board.

As I went down the corridor toward my stateroom I passed a steward. He was saying, over and over again, "There is no danger. There is no danger." He must have foreseen, during those war voyages, some such moment as this and undoubtedly he had mentally rehearsed himself for the role he was to play.

"There is no danger," he said in my ear as I passed, but his face was chalk, and I have known nothing quite so terrifying as this reiterated reassurance from a man who so obviously did not believe what he was saying.

All the way down that long corridor my most important motivating impulse was to put on my life preserver and get up on deck, and yet some thread of the theatrical instinct remained. I did see myself as a person who must fulfill a certain obligation to an invisible audience. That must have been the reason why I walked, instead of ran.

I found the life belt in its appointed place under the berth and adjusted it, but just as I started out the door a very strong compulsion seized me. There was a box of chocolates above the washstand, and, without thinking out the detail of my performance, I walked over and fumbled with the candy. Several pieces were picked up and discarded. At last I found what seemed to be a chocolate-coated caramel. I like caramels. Tested by a preliminary nibble, it proved to be the desired bonbon. Not till I had chewed into it did I turn and go up to the deck where the lifeboats were.

The steamer was not sunk, but got away; but that is irrelevant. At the moment I felt entirely assured that it was all up. And I was not calm or courageous. Death was most unwelcome, and I was badly frightened. And yet I did waste precious time finding the caramel. Something made me. It seemed a good piece of business, even though a little flamboyant and theatrical.

But that was all right. Why shouldn't we dramatize ourselves and move through the world like actors? The tradition of the stage is worthy. An actor is a man who plays his part for all he's worth, right down to the moment when they drop the curtain on him.

THE END

The Recreation Club

Something Your Town Should Have

A Civic Benefit to the Community . . . as well as a Profitable Enterprise for Investors

A complete recreational service—available to all.

One building, one management—that insures the best of environment and atmosphere. Here the public finds every facility for enjoying billiards, bowling and other health-giving indoor recreations. The cafe and refreshment accommodations add to the convenience and pleasure of patrons.

Who wouldn't enjoy an hour or an evening with friends in a place like this?

Everybody likes activity—actual play—a part in the game. It's more beneficial than being a spectator.

These things explain the growing popularity of the modern Recreation Club.

They may be operated by individuals, companies or civic organizations.

Well managed, they are big money makers.

They yield double dividends—a splendid return on cash invested—and an inestimable benefit to the town. The respective attractions, being centralized, contribute to each other in patronage and profits.

Ground floors and other space, if desired, can easily be rented to stores.

Lodges and fraternal organizations can be interested in use of space for meetings above club floors.

These features are extra guarantees of income.

The Recreation Club is more than an idea. It's a *business*—with real money-making possibilities—and easily operated.

Whether your town be 10,000 or more population, the opportunity is there. Building and equipment can be proportioned according to the town's needs.

Look into its big possibilities for your city.

A survey of your local field, plans and other assistance needed is service rendered free to interested parties.

Sending for the facts places you under no obligation whatever.

The coupon below will bring you full information about successful going enterprises.

billiards and bowling

The Indoor Passport to Health and Relaxation

The BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER Company

Branch houses in the principal cities in the United States and Canada

623-633 South Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

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CHICAGO, ILL.

Gentlemen: I am interested in knowing more about the Recreation Club as a business opportunity. It is understood this request obligates me in no way.

Name .....

Business .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Hard Boiled Wild Bill

By HUGH FULLERTON

U. S. Signal Corps Photo

"Wild Bill" Donovan, the war-time fighter.

How a Buffalo Lawyer Became the Most Feared and Hated, Most Loved and Idolized, of American Soldiers in France—and How, Though the War Is Over, He Has Kept Right on Fighting

William Joseph Donovan, the peace-time fighter.

Harris & Ewing Photo

FATHER DUFFY, the warrior-priest of the "Fighting Sixty-ninth" New York, officially the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Infantry, came upon three doughboys crouched under cover near the Ourcq River. One was blaspheming and abusing his lieutenant colonel. The two others were trying to convince him the lieutenant colonel was the greatest man in the A. E. F., and by rights should be King of Ireland. They were not convincing him but overpowering him by force of a two to one argument, and he compromised.

"He's a blank, blank, blank——" he conceded, "but he's a game one."

The priest, overlooking the swearing because of its sincerity, chuckled, and slipped away to tell the lieutenant colonel. The latter did not laugh.

"Father," he said, seriously. "That's what I want for my epitaph."

The lieutenant colonel was "Galloping Bill," "Wild Bill," "Hard Boiled Bill"—Colonel William Joseph Donovan, C. M. H., D. S. C., D. S. M., now William J. Donovan, Assistant United States Attorney General, the most feared and hated, the most loved and idolized of American soldiers who served in France.

Donovan is the finest object lesson in preparedness I ever have found. He was ready at college to carry the ball when the extra yard was needed; ready to whip the leader when a gang of road workers made trouble; ready when called to the Mexican border with his troop; ready when the World War came; ready and fit when called to lead his men over the Ourcq and into the welter of death in the St. Mihiel smash; ready when drafted to clean up vice and crime in Buffalo; ready when former United States Attorney General Harlan F. Stone summoned him to help clean up the Attorney General's office in Washington.

And he is ready and fit now, whether he should be called upon to die, to box Jack Dempsey, or to be President.

His remedy for the perils which threaten America is fitness; preparedness physically for whatever may come. And he believes the big danger lies in the softening of our citizens.

"The fellow who gets used to the soft seat of an automobile is liable to look for the soft side of popularity," he says. "Everyone should learn to take a punch on the nose, to give one, and be in shape to give and take."

Donovan, I think, is the sort of human being God planned when He decided to create a MAN.

His people were poor, of good old Irish stock, three generations in America, and his father's name was Tim. Donovan was born January 1, 1883, in the old First Ward of Buffalo; the ward "Fingy" Conners ruled.

At Columbia Donovan ran on the cross-country team, rowed two years on the crew, and played football three years. He was quarter back and a fighting, rearing player, and, although light, was considered one of the most deadly tackles in the East. He boxed, wrestled, ran and kept fit and hard as nails.

When he was graduated from law school he went to Buffalo. His battle was only starting. There were other brothers to be educated.

There was a crack cavalry troop in Buffalo—Troop I of the First Cavalry. Donovan didn't have a horse, and he had ridden only once or twice. By getting up at five o'clock in the morning and practicing he learned to ride. A month after he joined the troop he was corporal; in three months acting captain; and when the troop went to camp six months after he had enlisted he was captain.

He had joined the law firm of Donovan, Reichle & Depew in Buffalo soon after getting his degree from Columbia in 1907, married, in 1914, and advanced rapidly.

IN 1916 he was chosen by the Rockefeller Foundation to go to Europe and open a line of communication by which milk could be taken from Holland to the starving babies of Poland. He got the milk through, and had an opportunity to see conditions in Central Europe. Every month strengthened his belief there was no way for the United States to escape the conflict in Europe.

He returned and started to drive his troop as it never had been driven before. In addition to physical driving he started a school for officers, with his troopers as students.

Meantime Donovan had studied French and German, had studied athletics and the training

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

Imperial LIBRARY 2 in 1 DINING Table

(LUNDIN LEAF PATS 1437063, 1437064)

Combination Living Room and Dining Table for Homes of Limited Space

"But where do you eat?" asked Jean

"YOUR apartment is too lovely for words. How do you manage without a dining table though?"

"Oh, I'll show you", said her friend, stepping to the living room table.

In an instant she had opened it, unfolded a hidden leaf, and made a broad-topped dining table roomy enough for six.

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Jean.

"Yes, and think of the room it saves".

Leading stores will gladly show you the popular Imperial 2 in 1 Table in handsome period designs to match your furniture.

Write Dept. L for folder, "The Hidden Dining Room"

1 - Draw out sides of Library Table

2 - Unfold hidden leaf

3 - Close sides making roomy Dining Table

IMPERIAL FURNITURE COMPANY

"World's Largest Table Factory"

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Warning!

The Imperial 2 in 1 Table is fully covered by patents. All infringements will be vigorously prosecuted.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

of men, and, in the sweltering heat of the desert borderland, he drove his men. There he became known as "Galloping Bill."

"The boys called me that," he said with a laugh, "because I drove them hard. I knew if we went to France it would not be a cavalry war, and I was determined to have my unit physically fit."

When the war he had expected and prepared for did come Donovan was made Assistant Chief of Staff of the Twenty-seventh Division, then Major Brigade Adjutant of the Fifty-first Brigade. He itched to get overseas and he heard rumors of the forming of the Rainbow Division. On the border he had seen the Fighting Sixty-ninth, admired its spirit, and realized its potentialities. Donovan applied for a transfer to the Sixty-ninth, redesignated the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Infantry of the Rainbow Division.

The regiment went to Camp Mills with Donovan as major of the First Battalion. He had boxing gloves for all—and their fights would have shamed professional boxers.

PROBABLY at that time there was no more abused man in the A.E.F. than Donovan. His men swore, threatened, growled—and admired him, because there was nothing he asked them to do he didn't do himself.

It was shortly before the great drive toward the Ourcq in July, 1918, that Donovan became "Wild Bill." He was still driving his men to the limit, and one day he led them over walls, embankments, across ditches, through wire entanglements, on a killing three mile run. When the brigade, tired but all present, dropped down, Donovan raged up and down the line, swearing and scolding.

"What's the matter with you fellows?" he demanded. "You're all in. What will you do when you get into a real fight? Look at me. I'm in condition, and you should be!"

"But, for the love of Mike, Colonel," said a small man down the line, "we ain't all as wild as ye are."

Then "Galloping Bill" became "Wild Bill."

A short time afterward the regiment had its chance to add to its glorious traditions of previous wars. It was in the drive aimed at the crossing of the Ourcq River, a desperate, bloody fight, and there, for the first time, the men Donovan had driven so hard began to realize why he had done so. Their condition told in the attack. They proved that Donovan was right when he told them if they were in fit condition, nothing could stop them.

In that fight Donovan was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for gallantry because he had done as he always had done—stripped to the limit and led his men into the fighting.

Usually, in leading an attack, Donovan pared down to the lightest possible uniform, but in the movement from the Cote de Maldah he violated all rules. Ignoring the rule that officers should strip off all insignia to protect themselves from enemy sharpshooters, he donned full uniform, with a Sam Browne belt, and, leading his men, yelled, "Come on, boys; they can't hit me and they can't hit you!"

There was one deed for which Wild Bill received no medal—and which left its impress in sorrow. John Patrick Kayes was in charge of the headquarters mess and considered Donovan his special charge. Instead of remaining with the cooks Kayes insisted upon going wherever Wild Bill went. Donovan led his men from shelter at Bois Colas into open country, under machine-gun fire. Kayes was shot, dropped, and was riddled with bullets. He protested strongly against Donovan carrying him in, begging Wild Bill to drop him and save himself. But Donovan, weak from gas, dragged the long hero back. Kayes died three weeks later.

It was at Landres and St. Georges on October 14 and 15, less than a month before the armistice, that the regiment climaxed its work. Again and again the regiment, due to its superb physical condition and lighter burdens, had outstripped others and in the fierce rush against the demoralized Germans it swept ahead—and on October 14 found itself sticking out ahead of the line like a sore finger, with the Germans on three sides. And then a sniper's bullet shattered "Wild Bill's" knee.

He dropped, but, propped against a bank, directed positions of his men, refusing to allow himself to be taken back until sure they were safe. Donovan was picked up by four men, placed in a blanket, and started back.

"Take cover and leave me, boys," he ordered. "You can never make it."

A shell exploded near by and one bearer laughed and said:

"We can go anywhere you can, Colonel."

"I was feeling like the last quarter of a hard game," he admitted, "and it didn't seem possible they could get through with me. They carried me a long way and, finally, when they eased me to the ground one man wiped the sweat from his brow and said:

"By God, Colonel, I never thought I'd do this for ye when ye fined me eighty dollars for bein' drunk."

It was Donovan's third wound, and most serious, but his perfect physical condition told, and after months in hospital, fretting to get back to his men, he rejoined them in the Army of Occupation, helped reorganize the regiment, and, somewhat to his surprise, found himself the idol of the men who had cursed him.

After five months he returned as colonel of the regiment, and seemed surprised at the fuss people made over him. He received the Distinguished Service Cross, the Distinguished Service Medal, the Croix de Guerre, the Italian Croce al Merito di Guerra, and, finally, the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest military honor in the gift of his nation.

When Donovan received the Congressional Medal he said:

"It doesn't belong to me; it belongs to the boys who won it."

So he presented the medal to the regiment and it hangs now in a case in the armory.

Donovan had been ready, prepared, and fit. He came home to a wrecked law business, and resumed practice.

He went to Siberia in 1919 with Roland Morris, United States ambassador to Japan, to investigate the Kolchak government, and watched the Bolshevik activities in the East for three months. In less than a year he was in Europe again as a special counsel on the Fuel Commission, and in seven months studied the political and the economic conditions of Europe, learning the laws.

In February, 1922, President Harding appointed him United States Attorney for the Western District of New York.

Oddly enough, both wets and drys gave three cheers when Donovan was appointed, and both got a shock.

"This office is neither the side door of a saloon nor the anteroom of the Anti-Saloon League," he announced, and chased out both crowds.

He started to enforce the laws. The indictment against the mayor of Buffalo was thought to be a dead letter, and few believed he ever would be tried. Donovan pushed the case to trial, and the mayor pleaded guilty.

THE smuggling ring was said to be too powerful to break. Donovan called the American and Canadian officials into conference, worked out an agreement for catching violators of the laws of both countries, and out of it grew the customs conference at Ottawa and the treaty by which both countries co-operate in enforcing laws and catching malefactors.

Then he went after the narcotic ring. He broke the ring, sent leaders to the penitentiary, and drove out the police under whose protection the narcotic ring had flourished. He smashed the railroad robbing ring, indicting thirty-two conspirators; he caught one railroad and one big iron and coal company giving and taking rebates, and forced both to plead guilty and pay heavy fines; and, to show impartiality, he broke a gang of labor conspirators who blew up a bridge during a strike.

"Wild Bill" was loose in Buffalo. He was dragged in as Republican nominee for Lieutenant Governor by force, and was beaten with the ticket. Probably Donovan was glad of it.

When Harlan F. Stone (now Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court) was appointed United States Attorney General he needed help to reorganize the department.

Donovan pleaded he couldn't afford the financial sacrifice; but Mr. Stone was persist-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WILD BILL AND HIS MEDAL

AS THE WAR DEPARTMENT TOLD IT IN THE CITATION

William Joseph Donovan, Colonel, Cavalry Officers' Reserve Corps, then Lieutenant Colonel, One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Infantry, Forty-second Division, for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty near Landres and St. Georges, France, October 14-15, 1918. Colonel Donovan personally led the assaulting wave in an attack upon a very strongly organized position, and when our troops were suffering heavy casualties he encouraged all near him by his example, moving along his men in an exposed position, reorganizing decimated platoons and accompanying them forward in attacks. When he was wounded in the leg by a machine-gun bullet he refused to be evacuated and continued with his unit until it withdrew to a less exposed position.

AS COLONEL DONOVAN VIEWED IT

"This medal was won by our entire command"

January 18, 1923.

DEAR COMRADE:

Permit me to deposit with you the Congressional Medal of Honor which is to be presented to me tonight.

This medal was truly won by our entire command at the Kriemhilde-Stellung front of Landres-St. Georges, October 14-15, 1918—a fight as bitter and as gallant in the annals of the Sixty-ninth New York as Maryes Heights at Fredericksburg, December 13-14, 1862.

A regiment lives by its tradition. The noble tradition we have inherited impels me to ask that this medal remain in the armory of our regiment as an incentive to those who enlist under its standard, but most of all as a memorial to our brave and unforgotten dead.

Sincerely,
WILLIAM J. DONOVAN.

To the Secretary,
New York Chapter,
Rainbow Division Veterans.

Send the Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Thousands have gleaming, wonderful teeth without knowing it . . . you may be one. Make this remarkable test and find out.

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear

—simply clouded with a film coat

Find out by making this unique test. Thousands who go through life wishing for beautiful teeth already have them . . . yet never reveal them—*or know they have them!*

THOUSANDS of people unconsciously handicap themselves in domestic and social life with cloudy teeth—*absolutely without reason.*

Scientists now prove that most people have pretty, clear teeth. And that dingy, dull teeth simply indicate a condition that can easily be corrected.

You may be one of those people. Have really charming teeth and yet not know it.

Now a test is being offered which will enable you to find out. The coupon brings it without charge. So it is folly not to make it.

It's simply a film—a stubborn film that you can easily remove

Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film. A film that absorbs discolorations *and hides the natural color and luster of your teeth.*

Old-time dentifrices failed in successfully combating that film. That is why, regardless of all the care you take now, your teeth remain "off color," dingy looking, unattractive.

Remove it, and you, like millions before you, will be surprised to find that your own teeeth are as pretty as anyone's.

What it is—how it invites tooth troubles and decay

Modern dental practice urges the constant fighting of that film. Urges it on grounds of beauty and, more importantly, on health. For it is charged with most tooth troubles of today.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid fosters decay.

Germs by the millions breed in it and multiply. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So that the same film that hides your pretty teeth is too often the great enemy of healthy, sound teeth — an ever-present danger in your mouth.

You must remove it three times daily. It is ever forming, ever present. Soap and chalk preparations are inadequate. Harsh, gritty substances are dangerous to enamel.

New methods that supplant old

Now modern science has discovered new and radically different methods. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any you have ever known.

Its action is to curdle that film. Then harmlessly to remove it. No harsh grit, no soap, no chalk—a new way that is changing the tooth cleansing habits of the world.

Make this test

To millions this new way has proved the folly of having ugly teeth. The folly of inviting tooth troubles and the poor health that results.

It will give you the lustrous teeth you want—*quickly.*

Results will surprise you. Mail the coupon now. Why follow old methods when world's leading dental authority urges a better way?

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 567, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authority

Send to:

Name .....

Address .....

Only one tube to a family. 1763

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

ent, and Donovan moved to Washington.

The Attorney General gave Donovan free rein. The Forbes case had been hanging fire a long time. Donovan merely said:

"Let's acquit him or convict him; he's either innocent or guilty." And the conviction rather startled a great number of people.

The scandal of the Atlanta Penitentiary had been brewing for years, but nothing had been done. Donovan studied the papers, and one day disappeared from Washington. He appeared at the penitentiary at night. All night he talked with people — wardens, guards, convicts—and after breakfast he went before the grand jury; indictments were drawn, the ring exposed, and he was back in Washington almost before the news of the indictments reached there.

They call him "Wild Bill," but is he wild or are we too tame? He is still going strong, untamed—and the White House is not far.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

She Knew Her Radio

Lois Jane's father was a radio fan, and Lois Jane became one, too. She knew when the announcer signed off that it was all.

One evening Lois Jane was sitting on the floor playing, and I, being in a musical mood, started to sing. Two songs were enough when Lois Jane announced:

"Sign off now, mother."—Mrs. C. E. H., Cleveland, O.

* * *

A Remarkable Knot Hole

Elmer, seated on a bench, was seen to become playfully interested in a knot hole which he found in the seat of the bench. He had just inserted the fingers of one hand when he tumbled to the floor. Picked up, surprised and hurt, he was asked how he happened to fall. He gravely pointed to the knot hole and replied:

"I fell through here."—C. B., Coney Island, N. Y.

* * *

He Was Prepared, Anyway

Johnny climbed up the back stairs of his next-door neighbor's and entered the kitchen. The neighbor went out to find him washing his hands.

She said, "Why, Johnny, what are you doing that for?" Johnny calmly turned around and said, "Mother always makes me wash my hands before I eat."—A. B., Newton, Mass.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 43

THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL, DETROIT
WASHINGTON BLVD AT MICHIGAN AVE.

Unlimited Luxury at Limited Cost

1200 Rooms With Bath

$4 and up

475 rooms at minimum rate and $5.00

Guests of the Book-Cadillac pay no premium for the superlative comforts and service they enjoy at Detroit's finest hotel.

Exceptional facilities both in number of guest rooms and in the wide variety of restaurants allow an unusual combination of quality and low price.

RATES

Single Rooms With Bath
$4, $5, $6, $7, $8 per day

Double Rooms With Bath
$6, $7, $8, $9, $10 per day

Parlor, Bedroom and Bath
$14, $16, $18 per day

Sample Rooms
$5 and $8 per day

Special Luncheon Served Daily in English Grill and Blue Room, $1.25

Dinner De Luxe in Blue Room and English Grill, $2
(Except Sunday)

Venetian Room a la Carte

Book-Cadillac
HOTEL COMPANY
DETROIT
ROY CARRUTHERS, *President*

The Molecule Holes Out *in* One

Sixteenth Chapter of TRUB'S DIARY, in Which the Lovable Bull Pup Wins a Golf Match for His Master

By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

Picture by ROBERT L. DICKEY

IN case you haven't met Trub before, you may be interested to know that several months ago Robert Holmes Trescott, Yale student and an orphan under the lenient hand of the millionaire, John Steele, his guardian, bought a bull pup whose middle name was "Trouble"—Trub for short. Trub then began telling readers of Liberty of his master's escapades, referring to him as The Molecule, his nickname at Yale. The last of these adventures, in which Trub interfered by producing a hop-toad at the psychological moment, had the disturbing effect of breaking the engagement between The Molecule and Miss Dacia Kendle, moving picture actress. Humiliated and ashamed, Miss Kendle departed from Gray Gables, the Trescott home, leaving The Molecule, at first, heartbroken. But the gray-haired guardian—who had suspected Miss Kendle's motives—and The Molecule's Aunt Caroline were much pleased.

The white ball was jumping along far away on the green grass. I ran after it.

APRIL 13. If they don't look out my head will bust. Sometimes I think one more rule will do it. I had to learn two new ones today. The first one was easy:

"Do not pick up little white balls when they are hit with sticks."

Now there's a rule anyone can understand. It simply spoils a good time, which is what rules are for. But listen to this one:

"If you pick up one of the white balls when no one sees you, some like it and some don't." That's a tough one. You don't know where you stand exactly.

I was with The Molecule when I learned the two rules. I was with him all day except right after breakfast. Then I was in the glass room. Aunt Caroline and the gray-haired man were in the glass room.

Aunt Caroline said, "I shall never forgive you, Frederick."

The gray-haired man said, "My dear Caroline, isn't it exactly what you wanted?"

Aunt Caroline said, "Did you think I wanted the boy's heart broken? Did you think I wanted you to get involved with her yourself?"

The gray-haired man laughed. He said, "His pride's been hurt—that's all. As for my being involved—don't be silly."

Aunt Caroline said, "The engagement was broken because of you. If you're not involved, who is, may I ask?"

The gray-haired man laughed again. He said, "Come here, Trouble!"

I went to the gray-haired man. He pulled me up on his lap. He said, "This is the villain that blighted love's young dream. Don't be deceived by his innocent expression. He's a conjurer at heart. He worked his spell with a jewel and a toad. Look at him and shudder."

Aunt Caroline said, "Have you lost your mind, Frederick?"

The gray-haired man said, "I think not, Caroline. My entire loss is trifling—one pearl, to be exact. May I ring for Saki? I must get back to New York."

More talk I couldn't understand. It's like that mostly. I went upstairs. I went to The Molecule's room. I paw-poked his door. It opened.

The Molecule was taking a picture of Miss Kendle from the mantel. He put the picture in a drawer. He kept on putting pictures of Miss Kendle in the drawer. When all the pictures were in the drawer he sat on the bed. I gave him a nose-poke and a hand-lick. He didn't notice it.

Flips came in. She said, "My darling, darling brother!" She tried to give The Molecule a hug.

The Molecule pushed Flips away. He got up from the bed. He said, "Do me a favor, will you, Countess?"

Flips said, "Oh, darling, what is it?"

The Molecule said, "Get the hell out of here."

Flips began to cry. She said, "You poor crushed thing, with your heart all mangled."

The Molecule made a sort of snorting noise.

He said, "Come on, Trub, we'll take our mangled heart with us and toddle."

WE went away from there. We went to the garage. We got in a car. We drove to a place called the Country Club. It was a nice place. We went downstairs to a room with tables. The Molecule sat down at a table. A man in a white coat came and stood by the table. He said, "Good morning, Mr. Trescott. Do you want anything?"

The Molecule said, "I want an assistant, Felix. I want him to assist me in some ground and lofty drinking."

The man in the white coat said, "Yes, sir. May I have the key to your locker?"

The Molecule said, "Linger near me and you can have the keys to the city. He gave something to the man in the white coat. The man went away from there. He came back with things on a tray. He put the tray on the table.

I was glad I had come with The Molecule. I gave him some wags and a wiggle. The Molecule said, "Help yourself, old companion." I thought he had forgotten the rule about tak-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

It was Jimmy's treat!

A canny young fellow is Jim- He had four pals to treat and only 5¢ to his name! "A packet of Wrigley's please"- said he - and each lad had a wholesome sweet.

Refreshing - thirst-quenching - digestion-aiding - delicious and beneficial.

Parents - encourage the youngsters to think of their teeth!

Wrigley's cleanses the crevices between the teeth. It massages the gums, helping to keep them healthy.

So remember:

WRIGLEY'S

- after every meal!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

ing things from the table. I gave him a paw-poke to remind him. He said, "Here it is; go as far as you like."

I thought it over. I thought perhaps the rule was only for home. I thought perhaps at country clubs you can take things from tables. I made up my mind to try it. I jumped up on a chair by the table. Can you believe it?—not a thing worth smelling, even. Nothing but bottles. I call that a dirty trick. I got off the chair and lay down under the table.

A YOUNG man came in. He looked at The Molecule. He said, "Felix, why do you let the underworld into the club grill?"

The Molecule said, "Don't speak until you're spoken to, and then remain utterly silent."

The young man said, "While I dislike your personality, I admire your occupation. More ice and another glass, Felix. I'll do a little slumming." He sat down at the table.

The Molecule said, "Lay off the so-called humor, and listen. Tybo, I've broken my engagement!"

The young man said, "You shock me. Gosh! how you shock me. Back at you—so have I!"

The Molecule said, "No!"

The young man said, "Yes!"

The Molecule said, "When?"

The young man said, "Last night."

The Molecule said, "Me, too. Here's looking at you without getting sick."

The young man said, "Here's staring right in your baby-blues without even belching."

They drank out of glasses. They kept on drinking out of glasses. I went outside. I went around the clubhouse. I found a big can by the back door. It smelled delicious.

There was a cover on the can. I tried to nose-poke the cover off. A man came out of the door. He had a white cap on. He had on a white apron. He picked up a broom. I remembered what the dark woman had done with the broom. I went away from there.

I went back to The Molecule. He and the young man were still drinking out of glasses.

The Molecule said, "In addition to being a human wen, it occurs to me that you are also the world's worst golfer."

The young man said, "That being your idea, I'll shoot you syndicates for twenty-five a hole. Fifty first nine, fifty second nine, a hundred for the match."

The Molecule got up from the table. He said, "If the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Worms doesn't interfere, you are about to learn what life on a golf course is like."

We went out of the room with tables. We went out on a lot of green grass. The Molecule put a white ball on a little pile of sand. He took a stick from a bag. He wiggled the stick. He swung it around his neck. He hit the white ball. He said, "Laugh that one off, Pink Toes."

I looked for the white ball. I couldn't see it. Then I did. It was jumping along far away on the green grass. I ran after it. So did the boy with something full of sticks tied to him. I beat the boy. I picked up the white ball. I threw it up in the air. I picked it up again. It was fun. The boy with the sticks tied to him was yelling at me. I ran back to The Molecule. I took the white ball with me.

The Molecule was using language. He chased me. He took the ball from me. He took me by the neck and shook me. That's how I learned about the first rule.

The Molecule put the ball on another pile of sand. He started to wiggle the stick.

The young man said, "Playing three."

The Molecule stopped wiggling the stick. He used more language. He said, "You don't need clubs—get a jimmy." When he hit the ball again I didn't chase it on account of the rule. I didn't chase the white ball the young man hit, either.

The Molecule and the young man and the boys with the sticks tied to them went a long way over the green grass. I went with them. The Molecule and the young man kept hitting the white balls. The boys with sticks tied to them were allowed to chase the white balls. I wondered why.

I began to get tired of watching them hit the white balls. I began to feel hungry. I thought about the can with the delicious smell. I thought, "What if they forgot to put the cover on?" I went to find out. I went in a quick way.

The cover was still on the can. The man in the white apron was sitting on the steps beside it. The broom was standing close to the man. I went away from there.

I WENT and lay down on the green grass. I felt sleepy. I started to take a nap. A noise woke me up. It was a thump. It was made by one of the white balls. It rolled past me to a place of very smooth grass. There was another thump. It was another white ball. It rolled on to the place of smooth grass, too.

I thought it would be fun to roll the white balls on the place of smooth grass. I thought it was too bad about the rule. I looked all around. There was no one else there. Just the white balls and me. I picked up the nearest white ball. I threw it up in the air. When it came down I pounced. It rolled along the place of smooth grass. I pounced again. It rolled again. It rolled to a flag on a long thin stick. I couldn't see it any more.

I went to the long, thin stick. It was stuck in a hole. The white ball was down in the hole. I tried to get it out. I couldn't. I heard some voices over the hill. One of them was The Molecule's. I went away from the white ball in the hole. I went off the place of smooth grass. I lay down in a quick way.

The Molecule and the young man and the boys with the sticks tied to them came over the hill. I yawned. It's a good thing to yawn when you don't know what's going to happen.

THE young man said, "One of us is on." He went to the white ball still on the place of smooth grass. He looked at the ball. He said, "Dear, dear, it's papa's own little private pill. Four syndicates, the last nine and the match on this hole, Sweetheart, and we lie alike." He lay down on the smooth grass place. He said, "Give me air, men, I'm sinking fast."

The Molecule said, "Get up, you putrid mass of corruption. I've got to be close—I never hit a better shot."

The young man did not get up. He began to make noises. He said, "Fan me, caddy. Fan me until the end."

The Molecule said, "I'll fan you with a niblick, you lucky stiff. Where in hell is that ball, caddy?"

They all looked for the other white ball. They looked a long time. One of the boys with sticks said, "I guess you'll have to drop one, Mr. Trescott."

The Molecule said, "What would that get me, you myopic amœba? This is what I'll drop!" He had a stick in his hand. He threw it over the top of the hill.

I ran over the hill. I looked for the stick. I couldn't find it. I looked some more. I found the stick in some long grass. I chewed it. Then I took it back to The Molecule.

When I got back The Molecule was lying on the place of smooth grass. He was making noises. The young man was looking in the hole. He was using language.

The Molecule said, "In the cup! In the cup! Tybo, darling, would you do me a favor?"

The young man used more language.

The Molecule said, "Just a little favor, Tybo. As my eyelids close for the last time, kiss me on the brow."

The young man threw his stick over the hill. I went and got it.

For a dog of pedigree living in a refined family Trub's young life is freely marked by strange experiences. Another of these will be told in the next chapter of his diary, to appear in an early issue.

Is Your Husband Afraid of You?

Some Entertaining Comment on the Best Methods of Subduing the Stronger Sex

By LILLIAN DAY

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

I visualized his uneasy trip home, his noiseless turning of the latchkey

—and the voice of an irate wife calling, "It's a wonder you bothered coming home at all!"

I WENT to a party the other night at the home of a well-known physician. It wasn't a gin party or a petting party. It wasn't even a necking party. There were no cards, no dancing. The evening was devoted to conversation. We touched lightly on heavy topics and got into deep discussions on matters of frivolity. We talked literature, music, ethics, religion, football. The conversation was as sparkling as a mountain brook, and as cool and dispassionate. Conversation for conversation's sake, that rare sport of the mind, the art of which is fast becoming extinct.

There were eleven of us—five men, four women, and two married-men-afraid-of-their-wives.

One of the men in question had left The Little Woman at home to take care of a baby. The maid who had promised to come in had disappointed at the last moment as maids have a way of doing, so Mrs. Jones had to stay at home. It was nice of her to let him come, of course; but knowing Mrs. Jones as I do, I fancy she said, "All right, just you go ahead and enjoy yourself and don't bother about me," about as cheerfully as a dentist's assistant says "Next, please." Mr. Jones was with us in the fat, but his mind was in a nursery in Columbia Heights. He had an abstract air all evening and we all wished he would follow his thoughts.

The other married man, Mr. Smith (being the second best term of anonymity I can think of) hadn't told his wife he was coming to the party. He was "putting one over." Mrs. Smith hadn't been invited because the host realized she wouldn't fit in. She was a good woman, whatever that is, and the place for a professional Good Woman is in the home. Her interests were bounded on the north by living-room drapes, on the west by a kitchen stove, on the south by a linen closet, and on the east by the price of eggs. She would have had nothing to contribute to the party and would have been bored by it.

Every time the phone rang Mr. Smith jumped as though he feared his wife had discovered his whereabouts. I watched him all through the evening, and whenever I noticed an abstract look creep into his eyes I knew he was rehearsing the details of the story he was going to tell her.

About eleven o'clock, just before supper was served, he began looking at his watch. When he announced that he was tired, that he had a hard day ahead, we all knew that he was lying, but we let him go with a sense of relief.

Mr. Jones remained to the end of the party with the sort of abandon that says, "Well, I'm going to get it anyway, so I might as well make the most of it." When we finally broke up, a group of us walked leisurely to the nearest subway station. We chatted and laughed, all except Mr. Jones, who was agitated about the quickest way uptown. Did we think that the East Side subway and the crosstown car was quicker than the "L," etc. Finally he hopped into a passing taxi, scarcely saying good night to us.

I visualized his uneasy trip home, his restlessness at every traffic delay, his noiseless turning of the latchkey, his fumbling in the dark, and the voice of an irate wife calling, "It's a wonder you bothered coming home at all!"

"No wedding bells will ever jangle the harmony of my existence," commented a well-fed and happy looking bachelor.

IS YOUR husband afraid of you? Does he have to enter his own home like a burglar at night? Have you increased his liar-bilities? Does he have to conduct his flirtations clandestinely? Do you deliver counterpane lectures after every party as to how he behaved? If so, you are merely paving his Primrose Path with Reasons.

Candida tells her husband, "Put your trust in my love for you." That seems so simple. To hold your husband by the same means you got him—love. Yet how few women do it! I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"John, who was that red-headed girl you told about? You never mentioned her to me!"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

have watched them. They employ all sorts of tricks.

There is the woman who faints on the slightest provocation, and the one who politely nags her husband in public. She does this indirectly and always prefixes her remarks with a term of endearment, like "*Dar*ling, if you'd keep your mind on the game. . . ."

When a woman begins to talk of the "respect due her" or the "dignity" of her position as wife she is clutching at the ultimate straw. It is one of the many disguises for ordinary jealousy.

As an evening-spoiler that type of woman rates about ninety-eight per cent. Her husband becomes interested in a golf autopsy with a pretty woman. For a few moments he forgets and is really enjoying himself. Then the consciousness of his wife's presence creeps over him and he casts a furtive glance in her direction.

All through the evening he euphemizes his jokes and moderates his laughter. When the other men tell of their romantic exploits he is silent. He has learned from experience that if he boasts of a youthful adventure when he gets home his bigger and better half will say, "John, who was that red-headed girl you told about? You never mentioned her to *me!*"

AND the suspicious wife? She has driven many a man from the virtuous trail. Sooner or later—depending on his sagacity—he will figure that he might as well have the game as the name.

I have often wondered why it is that men submit to this—I suppose the current term is "step-in rule." Is it a sort of *noblesse oblige?* Do they feel that because they are the stronger they can graciously submit to a little bullying? I downright doubt it. Anyone can see they are just plain scared.

Men are physically superior, they hold the purse-strings. What accounts for this wife-phobia which is so prevalent? I pause for a reply.

Perhaps it is because in America public opinion is for the woman, right or wrong. In fact, there are some counties in which a woman can get away with murder. When women fight for equal rights they don't know what they are talking about. If they got them it would mean relinquishing some of the rights they now have.

Let's have a Be Kind to Husbands Week.

THE END

Scientific Methods *for* Roasting Beef

Inserting a tube thermometer into the core of the roast eliminates guesswork as to when the meat is thoroughly done.

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

ETHEL M. SOMERS, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Accurate control of temperature and time removes all chance of failure in roasting.

Done to a turn, and appetizingly garnished with browned potatoes, the roast is tempting enough to interest even the blase gourmand.

THAT done-to-a-turn, deliciously juicy roast of beef with its rich, brown crust and delightful flavor need no longer be trusted to chance cookery! The expense of a roast of beef limits the frequency of its service. Individual experimentation to develop a sort of "cooking sense" has become financially prohibitive. Roasts have necessarily grown smaller and consequently are more easily spoiled in the roasting. Science has had to come to the rescue!

Scientifically speaking, we may say that the success of a roast of beef is dependent on three factors, namely: the quality of the meat itself, the precision with which the oven temperature is regulated, and the removal of the roast from the oven when the exact stage of cooking has been reached.

Scientific roasting dictates that for rare roasting we buy only the tender cuts of prime beef rib, Delmonico, porterhouse, sirloin, or tenderloin cuts. Shoulder clod, inner rump, top sirloin, or round cuts may be roasted if cooked well done. A prime beef cut may be judged by its fine, yet firm texture, its bright red color when freshly cut, its outer layer and well-marbled streaks of yellowish white fat. Beef which is coarse and dry in texture and of a dark red color even though freshly cut is to be avoided, for it is tough and stringy. A good roast requires a choice cut from a young animal that has been hung long enough after killing to be thoroughly ripened and tender.

A scientific roasting of this choice cut demands accurate oven control. For this already tender cut of meat must be quickly seared over the outside before the heat has a chance to penetrate into the roast and toughen the center. The fierce oven heat at the outset (550° F. for twenty minutes) toughens only the outer layer of the roast, sealing in the juices so that the heart of the roast may be steamed and steeped tender in its own juices at 400° F. for the remaining time. Too slow an oven results in a dry roast which shrinks and toughens progressively as it continues to cook.

Whether the meat be roasted rare, medium, or well done is a matter of choice. But whichever it may be, the roasting must be done to a nicety, for an over- or under-done roast is most unappetizing. The exact stage for removal can be determined mechanically by inserting a tube thermometer (to be had at small cost) into the core of the roast and removing at an exact temperature (55° C. for rare, 65° C. for medium, and 75° C. for well done) or by cooking a certain sized roast at a controlled temperature for a measured period of time.

Study and use these scientific recipes for roasting if you wish to remove worry and guess from your meat cookery. Results will be uniform, the meat will be juicy, and your attention released to solving more weighty problems of the day. Rare roasts in the past have been most difficult to cook. They need no longer be so, for science has solved the problem.

Roast Beef

4 pounds prime rib beef, boned and rolled (or sirloin, porterhouse, Delmonico, or tenderloin cuts)
¼ cup fat
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup flour

CLEAN the beef well by wiping it with a damp cloth. Spread with fat and dredge with flour. Put on the rack or false bottom (if your roaster has one) of a roaster. Put the roaster or pan *uncovered* into a very hot oven (500° to 550° F.) for twenty minutes to sear the meat. Salt the meat and reduce the temperature to that of a hot oven (400° F.) and bake twelve minutes to each pound for a rare roast, fifteen minutes to each pound for a medium roast, or eighteen minutes to each pound for a well-done roast.

Or, insert a thermometer into the core of the roast and cook in a hot oven (550° F. for twenty minutes, then reduce to 400° F. for remaining time) and cook until the thermometer reads as follows:

For a rare roast remove at 55° C. or 130° F.
For a medium roast remove at 65° C. or 149° F.
For a well-done roast remove at 75° C. or 167° F.

ROASTING THE CHEAPER CUTS — The roasting of beef in an uncovered pan is advised only for the tender cuts. Shoulder clod of beef, chuck ribs, inner rump, top sirloin, or an English-cut from the round are best when roasted in the presence of steam in a covered roaster. To roast by this method, place the larded, dredged meat on the rack of the roaster. Sear in a very hot oven (500° F.) for twenty minutes. Add enough water to cover the bottom of the roaster but not enough to reach to the level of the meat or the rack, open the valve in the lid of the roaster, cover the roaster with the lid-valve open—and bake in a moderate oven (300° F.) thirty minutes per pound. If the roast is as large as six to nine pounds, roast at 275° F. or if over ten pounds, at 250° F. Tough meats have to be cooked well done in the presence of moisture or steam in order to be tender. Moist heat changes the tough connective tissue to a gelatinous substance which is tender. Steam pressure cookers are ideal for cooking these cheaper cuts as they force the steam into the very core of the meat, making it unusually tender in short order.

So—

The Story of a Girl Who Was Lured by the Sea of Matrimony —But Didn't Want to Be Drowned in It

"My town," he said, and she saw a pleasant city spread on a shining river; "and that's the asylum. That's where we'll live, sweetheart."

I.

DIRECTLY the last reverberating footfall on the stairs had died away, Alice Bradley lost her transfixed pose, as of a stricken deer, and did what practically every woman does in similar circumstances.

She rushed to her looking-glass.

Not with the intent of the Wicked Queen in the fairy tale, to cry, "Mirror, Mirror on the wall, Am I the fairest one of all?" but rather in the mood of that little old woman who went to market, some eggs to sell, and who awoke from inopportune slumber on the King's Highway, saying, "If it be I—as I think it be—I have a little dog at home and he'll know me——"

Her mirror being the only little dog of identification she possessed, Alice ran to it. Just to see if this last emotional whirlwind hour had changed her materially.

She saw that she was much the same—yet vastly different. Outwardly she was the same young woman who had prepared herself to receive Dr. Harry Felton three hours ago. That is, she was still young, slender, blue-eyed, and brown-haired, and wearing a straight, plain dress of a dim, soft blue. But resemblance went no further. For the girl who stared out of the glass at her was someone she had never seen before. That girl—with her hands pressed against hot cheeks—was a creature of fire and roses and sheer beauty that startled Alice to the depths of her being.

Though, for that matter, everything about this amazing evening was startling. This evening — this brief span of time — that had brought her—Love. This evening when she and Doctor Felton had declared their feeling for each other; that had seen—so unexpectedly—her engagement to him.

It seemed to Alice she could still feel the crushing impact of Doctor Harry's virile arms about her. Her cheeks, her lips still felt crushed and inert from his vigorous kisses . . . even smarted a little from contact with his crisp little scratchy mustache. It is from Spain—is it not?—we have the proverb, "A kiss without a mustache is like an egg without salt."

Indeed, he had loved her in a sort of possessive gale—and, being a large, fine-looking man, he did everything in a gale—that had been, even through her ecstasy, a little stunning, but that, now it had all receded, left a maternal tenderness for him — for his boyish impetuosity. Dear Harry! Always to be her impetuous boy—after this incredible evening, when they had been, to quote Harry, "carried away by the forces that govern life"; when they had known their big Emotional Moment.

FROM where she stood looking into her glass Alice could see reflected, at her back, her studio and the entire setting of the Moment. She could see the orange hangings at the windows, the gray-green walls, the low couch with the Kiraz tossed over it, her dais and easels, the line of oil and pastel studies along the wall, a manikin, a bit of armor, a handful of rich drape stuff, the Danish peasant cupboard holding her store of pottery and china, the little table of refreshment from which she had fed Harry.

She could see his glass just as he had set it down, bearing, like herself, the invisible print of his lips. And she could see the little old bone-colored plate beside it which she had been showing him.

Harry had stood looking down at the plate—it was one of Philip's quite special and rare gifts—and she had been thinking that she had never seen anyone so handsome. So big and blonde and wholesome and normal. Harry had smelt of the frosty air outside, of bay rum, chilly cloth, and the faint brown savor of tobacco. Alice, close beside him in her dim blue, got that funny little flush of feeling she had known in his proximity from the beginning. She had looked up sidewise at him, a little disturbed.

"You must admire my plate," she said, her voice not quite steady, "because it's so very old and ugly and beautiful."

"Well," said Harry, "it may be all right, if you care for the old stuff—the arty sort of thing—but I'm frankly more interested in the modern. I've got something here that I find a lot more appealing——"

IT was a book he took from his pocket. Bright blue, with snappy letters on the cover and a pencil carried in a loop. Oh, don't laugh. Romance stalks in strange bypaths — and the neatly ruled avenues of a cross-word puzzle book will do as well as any.

In a minute they were sitting on the Kiraz—very close together. And then it happened. Just as they were doing *eighteen horizontal*, "the equivalent of pepper," which, of course, was *capsicum*, and *eleven vertical*, "the Goddess of Love," which was—but that was it:

"Eleven vertical," Harry was saying in a low voice, "the Goddess of Love——" Well, what could you expect of the Goddess of Love? The blue book crashed to the floor. The studio went round and round. Harry was crushing her hands in his: "Alice—sweetheart!"

"Alice, you must know—you must have seen! I'm crazy about you. I never dreamed when I came down here for my special work—I never intended—but why should I resist? You are my destiny. I adore you. Tell me, do you love me? But you do, of course——"

But, of course, she did. She had been thrilled by him, admired him, been stirred by him—from the beginning. It was mutual, and she told him so. The studio spun faster. . . . Deluge seemed to descend. With Harry's ardor and impetuosity, with the whole emotional cloud, the long, joyous hours of formless, happy planning.

So this, Alice cried to herself—staring at that strange, flushed being in her glass—so this was Love!

A sincere wish to be worthy, a real humility stirred in her. She sank to her knees for a moment. Perhaps with some idea of a small prayer, a formless tag of thanksgiving, though only Harry's face floated through her mind. But her bedroom was small, and as she rose she struck her temple sharply against

This Is LOVE

By
MARY BRECHT PULVER

Pictures by
ALICE HARVEY

And then it happened. "Eleven vertical," Harry was saying in a low voice, "the Goddess of Love——" Well, what could you expect of the Goddess of Love?

an open bureau drawer, and all other feeling was wiped out in a wave of irritation. As she stepped into her studio again her mind was clearer, and a thought occurred that had not struck her before.

"I shall have to give up this studio. It will mean the end of this." And a funny little pain, like the stab of an exposed nerve, quivered in her.

The pain was not unnatural. This was a room that had seen a great many kinds of emotion in Alice before tonight, though of a different sort. Entering it a poor, free-lance artist five years earlier, it had watched her progression to a field where merchandising studies and magazine covers with a slashing A. B. in the corner commanded from three to eight hundred dollars. It had seen Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire turn into Alice-in-Wonderland—Princess Alice. She kissed her hand to the room.

"Of course, I'll miss you. 'Comrades, sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys'—but that only means I'll have my work elsewhere."

TRUE enough. In a week Harry's special medical course would be finished and he would return to his upstate city home, where she would join him presently. But that didn't mean relinquishing her work. Harry had accepted everything here. With an almost joyous insistence he had pointed out to her the place it should have in her life.

"I'll have love and work—both," she thought. "What more does any girl want? I mustn't mind a few sacrifices."

Then a second odd little stab of pain flashed through her—when she remembered another she must make. But this was only natural, too. Far, far more finally than giving up a New York studio would marriage mean giving up Philip, that particular friend who also had shared her progress from poverty; who was like a comfortable easy chair in her life—restful, sympathetic, like a pair of faithful old shoes. But a bride doesn't keep her special men friends. And, anyhow, Harry didn't care for the easy chair . . . the old shoes.

"My dear girl," he had said, after their single interview, "I don't *see* your 'best friend.'" And that was that.

It wasn't to be expected. Harry was a perfectly "arrived" physician and psychologist, attached to an upstate institution, a contributor to medical journals, a figure in cases of national import. He had been a major overseas—a major in oak leaves. Philip was only a small editor who reviewed books on the side.

The two men had clashed silently chemically, in the first moment. And Harry, thought Alice, had come off infinitely better. So fine and solid and at ease, taking the conversation where he pleased. Philip had been, as usual, so quiet, so inconspicuous—Harry had completely wiped him out. The thought of Harry's perfections brought a mist to Alice's eyes.

Philip had come into her life in her hour of poverty. Their friendship had been swift, instantaneous. Philip was a tall, rather shy man, with the kindest brown eyes and quite the most beautiful hands she had ever seen. But the rest of him was very plain. Still, plainness doesn't keep a man from getting notions. It's best—kindest—to be frank about certain things at the outset.

Alice had been kind—and frank—one evening when they were having supper together in a little Armenian cafe. Against the bashing of a Turkish kettledrum Philip had hinted a little as to a certain dream he had in mind—when he should have a better editorship. A dream that touched on a permanent companionship. A little suburban home with an open fire, a garden with big trees, a little car for both to play with, rooms full of books, and "a slam-bang big studio, for a lovely little artist to work in——"

Alice, rolling her cheap cotton gloves into a ball, with flushed cheeks and wide, sweet blue eyes, had deliberately killed Philip's dream.

"You see," she explained, "you see—Philip, dear—everybody has an image, more or less, of the person he—she—is going to love. I mean her h-husband. It's her love-image! Well, you are not that image—for me. You are my friend-image, Philip——" The drum bashed louder, and Philip's eyes made her wince.

"You see," she said, "there are so many things about—about this image that you are not." She couldn't very well speak of his plainness—a small matter to some women, but terribly important to her. And, anyhow, there were other things. "For one thing, you—you aren't dominating enough, Philip. You wouldn't govern me. You'd give me too much rope. You wouldn't drive."

"Drive? Rope?" said Philip. "Who wants to be—governed? Dear heart, you're talking about a love bully. No, I'm not that. I—I should merely—love you. Loving," he added, "is giving."

Well, he had no gift of love for her. She had shown him that. And she had been right. For he had remained Philip, her friend, the best counselor a girl ever knew. And Love had come at last—with Harry.

THE phone rang suddenly, and Alice wellnigh fainted for joy when she heard Harry's voice.

"My sweetheart," he was saying, firmly, "I just wanted a last word with you—just a little nightcap of talk before I write to Mother and Viola about us. Oh, Alice, my darling child, I've thought of you all the way home . . . tell me, have you been thinking of me since I left you? Oh, that's right! That's right! Now, Alice, my precious girl, there's something else I want to speak of. It's rather intimate, but you'll forgive me, because I'm a doctor and think of these things. But you are too thinly clad. I noticed it this evening, you little, soft thing. You girls all go only half clad nowadays—anyhow, it's grown much colder and it has set me thinking. I always direct Mother

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and Viola on these things, and I wear them myself. There's nothing like a layer of wool on the body to equalize temperature—"

Alice giggled aloud. "Oh, Harry, you aren't talking about winter woolens—about—underwear?"

"But I just am. Now, don't laugh, because it won't do a bit of good. I'm going to take care of you. That's my business from now on. I'm the doctor, don't forget that—and my little wife dresses in wool. Remember that, tomorrow—and that's that. Now, there's something else, too. Alice, I'm quitting the lab early to come and get you for lunch and a matinee. I picked up an extra on the tube, and found a show I want to see—Angel-on-Horseback——"

"Angel-on-Horseback! Oh, Harry! It isn't so very good—there are other things. Besides, I've seen it."

"But not with me," suggested Harry, in a hurt tone. "That makes a difference, doesn't it?"

"Oh, of course! Oh, surely! Harry, you didn't think—of course it will be fun——"

"Well, then, you be ready by twelve, for that and other things. Now, tell—my own sweet girl—tell me again——"

She told him again—over and over, blushing a little, remembering Central. But Harry seemed not to care who heard them. He was like a greedy, loving little boy, clamoring for a surfeit of sweets. The studio seemed dark when he rang off, and Alice thought of Philip.

"I ought to tell my great friend first of all," she reflected.

But Philip seemed to know without telling. Just from her voice over the wire.

"There's something I want you to know——"

"I do know. I've been expecting it—though not so soon. It's the fat medical friend you've been playing round with lately."

"Fat!" snorted Alice, thinking of Harry's fine, solid figure.

"I beg your pardon. It isn't true," said Philip, quietly, "yet. Besides, that was uncalled for. It's only—that I want just beautiful things to happen for you and to see you—happy——"

"Happy," repeated Alice, and her voice broke.

"Then it's as right as rain," said Philip: "that's all I want. I'll be in tomorrow to wish all the other things——"

II.

THEY were all in tomorrow to give their wishes. There wasn't a girl in Alice's set who "slung paint" or scribbled verse who didn't know a certain thrill before the spectacle of a genuine love affair. Besides, Harry was so eminently suitable—his career so successful, even if his tastes differed somewhat from the Bohemian average.

"He's not our kind, exactly," said Marni Williams, "but our kind doesn't offer much ballast matrimonially. And he's got all kinds of that. Looks, if you like 'em large; kale, and we all want that large; and he's crazy about you! On the whole, Babbitts make the best husbands—oh, don't get sore; they're the salt of the earth—what I mean is, we're all small town at heart, and like a nice romance; all of us want—love."

Alice was reveling in love. As Harry expounded it, it was sweet to be protected, to be thought for, after her years of independent struggle. Harry was doing practically all of her thinking, and she found the novelty delicious. It was sweet to be not so much advised as lovingly commanded to do certain things. To have her type of wearing apparel chosen, her foods, her diversions. Harry had taken her under his wing in a gale of protectiveness, and it gave her a sense of refuge, of harbor she had never known.

He had begun with his schedule of plans on their first engaged day. He had duly bought her lunch of his own dictating, and had taken her to Angel-on-Horseback. He had also muffled her up to his taste and carried her off for a drive in the park, where he measured her finger for the engagement ring—and kissed her, quite publicly and regardless of spectators.

The ring was not exactly her choice. She did not care for diamonds—had spoken a little about an emerald, her birthstone. Harry had scoffed at her lovingly. And had been a little serious about it, too. No emerald, he explained, was without flaw, and a flawed jewel for people in their situation—— "Feeling the way I do," he said, gravely, "it would be ridiculous. No, I shall give my little wife only what is perfect. She shall have a flawless blue-white diamond of the best."

So her ring was, like all of the opulent gifts Harry showered on her, very correct, very handsome, and usual—as different as possible from the unconventional, quaint things Philip would have chosen. They were, in short, normal. There were no little old bone-colored plates about Harry.

"Normality," said Harry, "is everything."

"And he is right," reflected Alice. "It's what I need after my restless, vagabond years of life. And it is normal, too, for me to yield to Harry's taste."

She took comfort and assurance from this, driving a mild fear, a faint sense of mental "brownness" from her. She held to this comfort presently she found herself riding on the tr visit Harry's mother and sister. Harry, con ing his work, had begged her to make an i diate visit.

"And you're wise," Marni Williams sugg "You never know a man till you see him o native heath. Forgive the catty remark only jealous, dear."

Alice had laughed at Marni out of the tional richness she was feeling, but now, r by Harry, she felt a faint doubt. There something of strangeness about this hand man in the fine tartan coat, reading his pa funnies—whom, after all, she had know briefly. And who was to be her life, her de

"Harry!" she whispered, and he turne smiled at her. As always with Harry smili her, her doubts were allayed. Life with was the one thing she wanted. And when h his arm about her and pointed at an appr ing town she was suffused with feeling for as always.

"My town," he said, and she saw a ple city spread on a shining river, with hand bridges and tall, surrounding, beautiful "and that's the asylum. A horrible word the place is lovely." She saw a tall feudal in buff stone spread on the brow of a hill. " where we'll live, sweetheart. I've always 'ba

They were all in to give their wishes. There wasn't a girl in Alice's set who "slung paint" or scribbled verse who didn't know a certain thrill before the spectacle of a genuine love affair.

lown at mother's, but the married man interne l I wired up this week for our quarters. I had hance to get one of two apartments, but there sn't a doubt as to the one I wanted, so it's all ed. And, in a day or two, after the social h, I'll take you up and show you—our home. l me, dearest, you're going to be happy with —in our home?"

With Harry's arm around her, what could she but listen to the beating of her heart?

'Darling," said Alice, inaudibly.

Harry's mother and sister were perfectly sweet. e little white pressed flowers, she thought.

'You're so pretty!" cried Harry's mother, ding the way to the guest room. "I don't me Doctor a bit—but then, you would be. All Harry's girls have been pretty, especially ele. Oh, dear, what am I saying? I only mean t Doctor, as a very young man—just a mere —oh, I hope you won't—I hope you don't——"

'Not at all." What did it matter about these st girls, now that she was the girl?

'Well, my dear, there was never anything seri- s. Adele—you'll meet her—is just a family end. She may have thought at one time—but, no real grounds at all. Harry has an affec- nate nature; they were just young people own together, and he was, well, perhaps a bit ious. Harry has an ardent, possessive way; nothing at all—Harry is very like his father s. Forceful and determined. He will get on. dear, dear son—and the image of his father. show you his father's picture."

The picture hung above the living room fire- place. "Oh, not Harry!" gasped Alice when his mother pointed to it with the single word, "Doctor!" The title! The utter likeness! Though this was a more mature, a much stouter figure, almost globular.

"Oh, dear child, no. His father. He was a doctor, too. A beautiful soul; a strong character. We had a perfect life together. Our family bond was always most lovely—Harry will tell you—and how much I miss his father! The instruction, the guidance, the control. Harry does his best here, but he is only a young man. These are qualities that develop with the years.

"There was a time when I never had to think a thought for myself. Doctor did not wish it—but you will understand presently what compensations marriage brings, even when there may be, here and there, a little sacrifice. Oh, my dear, I know a little of that, too. There were things I gave up, of course. I—I was talented, too, in a small way. I was musical in my girlhood. Yes. I—I played the harp. Quite nicely, I was told. I used to appear locally, and I had some very nice newspaper notices; but, of course, I gave that up when I married Doctor. Doctor didn't approve of a public career for a woman belonging to him. Doctor always used to say his little wife's place was right by his side. And, of course, as you understand, there can be no choice."

"My doctor wouldn't ask it," thought Alice, proudly. "Thank Heaven he is wise enough, modern enough—loving enough, to make room for me, too."

Alice met Adele that evening, along with a host of interested old friends who dropped in to see them. Adele Andrews was a very pretty girl. Tall and a little solid—in the manner of Harry, with a wild-rose skin and blue eyes, very light and round, filled with vague reproach and mild analysis when turned on Alice.

"Not heart-broken over losing Harry," thought Alice. "Not the kind that 'breaks,' but she's hurt. She's the plastic, adaptable kind—that likes to be bullied. She'd make a 'perfect little wife.'"

You could see that Adele adored Harry—from the way her round eyes dwelt on him. Harry seemed oblivious.

III.

IT was the next day that Harry's mother showed her the pudding book, with recipes for making one hundred and fifty puddings.

"Harry has a sweet tooth—like his father, and this is very important. He dearly loves sweet puddings. My dear, I have been married forty years and I have scarcely missed a day when I have not made one of these puddings. It—it is a ritual. I made them first for Harry's father—then for Harry. They both formed a habit of eating a sweet pudding before retiring every night."

"A sweet pudding! Every night!" cried Alice, getting her first contact with medical inconsistency, "but how dyspeptic," and, recalling the globular portrait, "and how terribly—fattening."

"My dear—true. But you will not be able to change it. You will realize more and more that we must yield to our men-folk in many little ways——"

Alice was yielding more and more daily. Take the matter of the car. Harry owned a very handsome one, and, wrapped up at his demand to the smothering point, Alice went with him daily on long drives over the sweeping hill roads. The new quarters he had chosen would not be ready for some days—but he could acquaint her with the outward aspect of their setting, with the countryside that was to be hers. It was beautiful. Alice loved it. She loved also the grace and beauty of the swift car she would share.

"I can't wait to learn to drive, Harry," she said. "You'll teach me soon, won't you?"

Harry hesitated, then covered her hand tenderly.

"Dearest—no," he said. "I think not—and I'll tell you why. I have known many husbands and wives who share the same car, but I do not recall an instance where it has succeeded. There is something about two minds handling the same piece of machinery—the opportunities for blame, that make it impossible—to my mind. A man does not particularly care for a woman's technic here, and I am sure you won't—I know that you will agree that it is best for me to do the driving. My little wife understands—doesn't she? She is—it's quite all right, I am sure—Alice?" he suggested.

"Oh, of course—Harry, yes—I—if you think it best," she said a little slowly. He stopped the car and took her into his arms. But for once the ardent contact, his warm kisses, a little failed her. A faint reaction—that slight "brown" feeling came upon her.

"It's because it *is* reaction," she decided. "It's all this rush of feeling and new experience. All these new friends and attentions. Naturally it takes adjusting—it hasn't been so long since it happened at all. As Philip said—and, Harry, too—loving is giving."

It was on the fifth day of her stay that Blair, the asylum superintendent, reported the new rooms ready for inspection and that Harry took her on the grand tour. They swept up a curving

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road of utter loveliness and came to a place of such beauty as made Alice cry aloud. High on the face of the hill stood a graciously planned building facing squarely into the sunset. Through a break in the now russet trees one could see the dim bluffs of a far range of hills, and miles of shining silver river. From a ringful of keys Harry selected one and led Alice into a tiny charming living room with an attached glass-enclosed porch. She stood in the very eye of the sun.

"Beautiful!" she cried. "Why, I've never seen anything like it. It's living up among the clouds. I'll do a dozen sunscapes and river views a week. Your taste is perfect, Harry."

But Harry looked mysterious.

"Dearest, I'm glad you like this poor little place. But these are not the rooms that I have chosen. Forgive me for being a bit dramatic and leading up to a sort of — er — effect. If you come with me now I'll show you something genuine in the way of comfy quarters."

It seemed to Alice, looking at Harry, that his entire aspect had changed—that she was looking at someone she had never seen before. She followed him in a slight daze. And it occurred to her as she did so that she had never before realized how firmly Harry could tread.

Harry led her on and on. Far, far away from any view of the sun or river. They stood presently farther down on the hillside, on a bleak north slant, before a large, bare, red building. Harry had his keys out, but Alice stayed him, pointing silently.

Alice was looking at the outlook from the veranda. It faced across a small ravine, a huddle of dingy, smoke-wattled buildings, with a culm ridge and a tall, black standpipe. Over the ravine was flung a small bridge. Over the bridge now walked, like mechanical toys, a row of men in yellow overalls, pushing barrows of coal.

"It's the power plant," Harry explained, "and those men are the coal shift. They are patients, of course—charges here. That's why they're in yellow; but they are very mild cases. You have nothing to fear. They will only walk over the bridge a dozen times a day at most."

"You mean," cried Alice, the handmaiden of beauty, "that you've picked out rooms—that I'm to live where my back is always to the sun and where I'll have for scenery—what is it they call these patients down in town?—a row of 'loonies'—loonies pushing wheelbarrows of coal every day of my life?"

"Oh, you'd get used to it, Alice. I admit the view is inferior, but wait till I show you the compensations."

HARRY showed her. A suite of rooms, large, warm, undeniably handsomer than the others, though for the most part dark and cheerless in her sight. Harry sprang about showing her everything — the new plumbing, his handsome private laboratory, the new baths, the place for all his scientific books. He enthused about furniture—oriental rugs he meant to buy. And Alice listened in a strange detachment, with that curious sense of something dying, almost expiring, about her.

But suddenly she realized he was claiming her closest attention. He was showing her a large, square closet, fitted with new pine shelves and lockers and various cupboard effects. There was no window, but a high-powered bulb flared at his touch, and she realized across the barrier of remoteness that he was telling her something very special. Then she knew.

"And this," Harry was saying, "is for you! That's really why I didn't bring you up here until today, because I've had a carpenter working tooth and nail over my specifications. Making a place—for your work, sweetheart——"

"A place for my work! You mean," Alice asked, faintly, "this closet——"

"Is yours, dearest. For all the stuff that pertains to your painting. You'll find any amount of storage. And you can stuff the place full of paints and brushes and modeling mud——"

"But," suggested Alice quietly, "you—don't expect me to work in a closet, do you?"

Harry came close and laid his hands on her shoulders.

"Certainly not," he said, gravely. "I planned this to hold your tools, but your work—haven't I said that marriage is compromise? Well, I mean it—to the limit. To the last concession—Alice, my dear, you shall tuck your work up in any corner you please here—work anywhere you can find a place or a chink to play in. In fact, you shall have your pretty little folderol all over the whole place if you want. . . ."

"YOU are silent," Harry suggested. They were standing on the little bridge outside. A little rill played under it. Its song seemed derisive to Alice. Its silvery fingers seemed to point mockingly to the power house, the standpipe, the row of men in yellow, still visible. Harry seized Alice in his arms, but she came up for air.

"Don't — please," she gasped, struggling away. "You kiss me so — publicly. They can see—those loonies!"

"Pooh!" said Harry. "They're insane."

"So am I. So am I," said Alice's soul.

Harry released her.

"Of course," he said, gravely, "I realize that all this may require some adjustment on your part, Alice. Marriage is like that, my dear. There are little things—trifles when properly discussed and managed—but they are the little foxes that spoil the grapes. I myself could find some. There are a number of things I have in mind now—almost ridiculous, some of them—and yet serious enough in general effect. Take, for instance, this Presidential election. A trivial matter, in a sense, yet vastly important, because, sweetheart, my family is Republican and has always voted a straight Republican ticket. I need hardly say that I should expect my little wife——"

There was no time in their history when Alice's family had not done likewise, but she did not reassure Harry. She said:

"Harry, I'm just wondering. Do you think I'm going to be satisfactory as your wife? I mean, since loving is giving, do you think that I shall always 'give' to you as you desire? What I mean is, there might be other girls. Take Adele Andrews——"

Harry started, then blushed.

"That—that was—nothing," he said, hastily. "You—you are not jealous?"

"Not at all. Just thinking, Harry—and maybe I can think better at home."

Thinking at home—in her room, Alice was clear only on one conclusion.

"If this—Harry's attitude—is normality, then it agrees with me like July with the oyster!"

She had not much doubt about what it was. Harry was — oh, true — a very exaggerated case, but the groundwork of his being was laid in the norm. In the normal—the average—marriage, loving is giving—for the woman. And rightly so — for the average woman.

"Only," thought Alice, "I am not that average woman. It isn't that I can't love and yield as much as any other girl. I could give—and give. I could let Harry dress me in the layers of an onion, and pick out my President, and feed me loonies for scenery all he liked if these things didn't lead to his trampling out my real significance, my mental integrity. That's what happened to Harry's mother. That's what happens to me when he *accepts* my work as 'folderol' and offers me any corner I can find for it, where I can 'tuck' it. Oh, I wonder if most men don't regard a woman's work as something to stuff into the chinks theirs leaves; it would take a wise, a special, a very *loving* man to understand—to let one be one's self."

Of one thing Alice was sure. She wanted to go back to New York—to work out her problem in her own way. To work out any necessary adjustment while there was time. Before—not after—marrying. And she must tell Harry this.

Alice went down stairs and saw him sitting by the fire — under his father's picture. He was as handsome as ever—as handsome a man as she had ever seen—Harry, the perfect love image, a feast for her artist's eye, Harry, the dominant, the perfect governing type. Why, oh, why, then this singular wave of emotion—this impulse to spring before him and cry: "Harry, I have forsworn winter wools forever. Harry, I am going to vote for a Democrat."

She only heard, instead, a thin, remote voice say: "I must go back to the city tonight, Harry. Yes, really. Don't try to stop me because you can't."

She had gone. The tussle with Harry's will had been rather awful, but here she was, back in her studio, a little dark and empty, a little dusty—crying for the solace of companionship, a comforting word. Alice took down her phone:

"Hello, Philip . . . Is that you? . . . Yes, yes . . . this is Alice! Oh, I just got in a minute ago. Oh, rather unexpected . . . yes . . . Oh, I'm not doing anything tonight . . . I'd love it . . . no, I'm entirely disengaged."

THE shock unnerved her. For it was true. Dis-engaged — un-engaged — not engaged, what you will. She must write to Harry at once.

With a sense of release she prepared her little tea table for Philip. Cups, spoons . . . the little old bone-colored plate. And facetious notes to Harry rose in mind:

DEAR HARRY: I cannot let you commit bigamy for my sake. Your little wife——

SIR: I can contain the truth no longer. I am a Democrat——

DEAR DOCTOR FELTON: We cannot wed because I love another——

This, too, was a shock—because so true!

"Why, I'm Dumb Dora," cried Alice. "This hasn't been love. Harry's only in love with himself. And I—what do I know about it—except that it's got to have an affinity and sympathy and a thousand fine, sweet things of comradeship in it. Me—and my Love Image."

She spied something blue protruding from the Kiraz. The cross-word puzzle book.

"Name of a man—in six letters—whom I really love, have always loved, and am going to marry—if he'll forgive me and have me——"

She laughed a breathless little laugh—then the blood leaped in her heart at the sound of a foot on the stair. And the answer was all about her—in the air—deep in her, filling her with a sweet and thrilling peace. And as the door opened on a tall, quiet man whose steadfast brown eyes lit at the sight of her, she had no trouble at all to solve her little puzzle:

"Philip!" cried Alice, with her hands out in welcome.

THE END

The Boomerang

A Motion Picture Review

by

Alva Taylor

From the play by
Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes

Directed by
L. J. Gasnier

Produced by
B. P. Schulberg

Preston DeWitt (Philo McCullough) seems to have a bad case of "lovitis" in The Boomerang. Dr. Gerald Sumner (Bert Lytell) seems anything but sympathetic, but the nurse (Anita Stewart) evidently is.

THE CAST:

Virginia Zelva.....Anita Stewart
Budd Woodridge.....Donald Keith
Grace Tyler.....Mary McAllister
Bert Hanks.....Ned A. Sparks
Dr. Gerald Sumner.....Bert Lytell
Poulet.....Arthur Edmund Carew
Preston DeWitt.....Philo McCullough
Gordon.....Winter Hall

Virginia Zelva (Anita Stewart) is the lovely nurse who is as mysterious as she is admired.

EVERY so often a play is a decided success on Broadway, whereupon there ensues a mad scramble on the part of the film producers to stow the picture rights away in their files for production sooner or later. There is supposed to be some special magic about any stage piece produced under the direction of David Belasco and so The Boomerang, a Broadway hit several years ago, was ticketed for the screen almost as soon as the speculators decided the play was going to be a success.

The Boomerang comes a little late but doubtless accompanied by the fervent prayers of the producers that citizens upon reading the title will say, "Ah, The Boomerang! I remember. That was one of Belasco's Broadway successes. Let's go to the movies tonight."

The Boomerang is a pretty good movie. It wasn't meant to be a photo-play when it was written, although the Messrs. Smith and Mapes may have had their hopes.

The Boomerang has its amusing moments and characters and situations, and is undoubtedly entertaining in spots. Moreover, it provides an all too rare glimpse of Anita Stewart, altogether too charming a person to withdraw from camera work. But the picture suffers visibly from the fact that it is after all the photograph of a play, and in places where the play proceeded merrily along on the lips of its characters, the picture is liable to limp, and in some spots threatens to quit cold. After all, you cannot get away from the fact that a movie rises or falls on action, and action which is adaptable to interpretation by the camera.

If you wonder why all this fuss about a movie that isn't going any place in particular, the answer is that what has been written here is applicable to pretty nearly all movies made from popular Broadway stage successes.

The Boomerang has for its hero the usual handsome creature, this time rendered by Mr. Bert Lytell as Dr. Gerald Sumner, a young physician who finds business isn't what it should be to provide three square meals a day. So he turns from the serious and frugal pursuit of legitimate science to the hokum of a sanitarium for the cure of the lovelorn. His panacea for all ailments arising from the heart is jealousy.

For its heroine the picture has Miss Anita Stewart, reason enough for any amount of footage, in the role of Virginia Zelva, a young lady of considerable mystery who forsakes crystal gazing in a tent show to become a nurse in Doctor Sumner's sanitarium. Womanly curiosity as to how the doctor gets away with his particular graft leads her thither.

And for its villain there is Mr. Philo McCullough, whose well-bred sneer is his fortune, personifying a young lawyer, not too scrupulous, who knows a number of interesting things about Virginia and enters the sanitarium to marry her before anyone else does.

These interesting people, gathered in a sanitarium where everyone concentrates on making everyone else jealous, can be expected to give rise to quite a bit of hilarity. They do. Add now the unexpected appearance of Virginia's former ballyhoo man and you can readily see things are ripe for a complication.

The doctor discovers suddenly that he is as sick as anyone, and the very thing he recommended as a cure for the others laid him low—jealousy. It is Virginia's duty to be nice to the male patients and the doctor doesn't like it.

A few chuckles are built and then the picture moves slowly off to no particular climax.

The Boomerang is a fair evening's entertainment.

Next Week: *Composite Review*

THE LAST LAUGH (German)
Released by Universal

QUO VADIS (Italian)
Released by First National

THE MIRACLE OF THE WOLVES (French)
Presented by the Societe Francaise d'Editions de Romans Filmes

AN ACE, TWO QUEENS, AND A JOKER

Captions by
ALVA TAYLOR

Alfred Cheney Johnston Photo

Edwin Bower Hesser Photo

ENGAGED TO PLAY the part of leading woman to Mr. John Hines! It is only a matter of time before Sigrid Holmquist (above) will be getting offers from the De Milles, not to mention Griffith and Lubitsch and other famous ones.

AT ONE TIME a charming foil for the absurdities of Johnny Hines, Jaqueline Logan (above), one of our most promising young ladies of the cinema, will be seen with Captain Charles Nungesser in Pathe's forthcoming feature, The Sky Raider.

National Photo

AN AMIABLE COMIC, Mr. Johnny Hines (right), better known perhaps as Torchy, will next be seen in C. C. Burr's The Crackerjack. Personable young females who play opposite Mr. Hines have a way of eventually heeding the call of the serious drammer.

Wide World Photo

ACE OF French Aces, Pathe has engaged none other than Captain Charles Nungesser (left), to play the leading role in The Sky Raider. The Captain won his numerous medals bringing down German aircraft. In The Sky Raider he focuses his attention upon villains.

LIBERTY WILL PAY $50,000 for An Idea

Suitable for a Story for Liberty and for a Motion Picture

LIBERTY'S OFFER IS OPEN TO EVERYBODY

HERE'S something to think about. How many times have you said to yourself: "That would make a wonderful story! I'd like to write it for a magazine!"

A great many times, no doubt. It's a common expression. Well, here's your opportunity. There are three things to remember in connection with Liberty's newest and greatest contest.

The first is that the life of almost everybody contains a valuable story idea.

The second is that a person doesn't have to be an experienced writer to accept Liberty's remarkable offer.

The third is that success in Liberty's sensational new competition means, not only wealth and fame, but a future which ought to be assured.

Manuscripts are pouring in—particularly from persons who have never written for a magazine before. That is what Liberty hoped would happen. Thousands of valuable story ideas, however, are still in the possession of persons who have yet to send in synopses.

Liberty's new $50,000 contest is designed especially to make writing ability unnecessary. All that's required to compete is a pencil or a pen and a sheet of paper.

Liberty believes that the greatest story, and motion picture, in many years will be discovered as a result of this contest. So it has opened the door to everybody. Some person with experience as a writer may win. But it is just as probable that a person with no writing experience whatever may do so.

Write your story idea in your own way. You may select some experience of your own; or you may draw either upon your imagination, or upon the experiences of an acquaintance or friend. It makes no difference.

To assist you in the contest Liberty is publishing a series of weekly articles by celebrated authors, screen stars, directors, and others, describing what sort of ideas make the best stories. This week's article is by Miss Daniels.

Next Week James Cruze

who directed The Covered Wagon, and many other famous pictures, will give you the benefit of his years of experience in the films. You should not miss a single article.

Edward Thayer Monroe Photo

By BEBE DANIELS

The Paramount picture star, whose infectious laughter has endeared her to millions of fans.

I ADMIT that I am not so concerned about the type of story for a picture in which I am to appear as I am in the character I am to play in it. By that I mean that the story may be comedy, drama, melodrama, or farce, so long as my role gives me a variety of things to do.

As a general rule, I prefer comedy, but I like to have it with a more or less serious background. So far as my own role is concerned I like to play a typical American girl, full of life and "pep."

One need not be a finished writer to write a screen story. Ideas are the main thing. The language may be handled carelessly, the situations in a clumsy manner, the development of the plot illogically, but if the idea is there, if the story goes directly to the heart of things, then you have what the producers want.

This may seem an odd statement to make. I do not, of course, intend to advise you to write carelessly. I simply mean that such technical matters can always be corrected in the studio. The idea you present is what really counts.

My latest picture, The Crowded Hour, is a good example of the type of story I like. It has plenty of comedy, but it has its serious and dramatic moments also. It tells the story of the breezy, slangy telephone girl, who becomes a vaudeville actress and goes to France as an entertainer during the war. Her experience, the things she sees all about her, change the petty soul of the girl, and bring her to the point where she cheerfully makes her greatest sacrifice for the sake of the man she loves.

It is a human story, a recital of events that might happen to anyone. And that is one of the aims of picture story-writing.

Write stories that will appeal to all classes and tastes.

Keep two people in your mind—"John" and "Mary"—average motion picture fans. Then ask yourself if your story will appeal to them.

Strive to write natural situations, to have natural characters. Make John and Mary feel that, if they were in the places of your hero and heroine, they would act the same way that your characters do. If you can do that, you can write successful screen stories.

Just one thing more. I believe in comedies. Everyone likes to laugh. Life at best, for the majority, is a case of live and hope. No matter how pessimistic we may be, we are still hopeful of the future.

The majority of people do not like gloomy stories or tragic endings. They want to be cheered up, and made to feel that life is worth while.

Here Are the Rules of This Remarkable Contest

1. Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation are seeking an idea for a thrilling story of love and action suitable for Liberty and for a Motion Picture. IT MUST BE CLEAN.
Liberty will pay $50,000.00 in Cash to the person or persons who submit the best suggestion in accordance with these rules.

2. The winning suggestion will be written into a novel and will be printed as a serial in Liberty. By special arrangements already made, it will also be produced as a Motion Picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and will be presented on the screen throughout the world as a Paramount Picture.

3. *In addition* to the $50,000.00 which will be paid for the winning story, Liberty will buy for cash at standard publishing rates any other stories selected by Liberty from those submitted; offers to be made to the authors of such stories before publication.

4. What is wanted is AN IDEA. Ability to write fiction is NOT NECESSARY. Liberty wishes to give this opportunity to everyone regardless of ability as a writer. Therefore, the offer is divided into two parts as follows:

Part One provides that you may submit your idea in brief synopsis form. For this synopsis you may use 2,500 words *or less.* By "synopsis" we mean tell in your language the main features of the plot and describe the leading characters which take part in it—the hero, the heroine, the villain, etc. *For the best synopsis $25,000.00 in cash will be paid.*

Part Two provides that you may submit

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

YOU'RE MISSING SOMETHING

It is sweet, but with a piquancy, a zest— As you get the full flavor, you sense bouquet—It has the charm of purity— Coca-Cola!

RE-FRESH YOURSELF / FIVE CENTS IS THE PRICE

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

your idea in complete story form (ready for publication). For the complete story another $25,000.00 in Cash will be paid.

Everyone who submits a synopsis will be eligible for a prize of $25,000.00.

5. The words "SYNOPSIS FOR $50,000.00 PRIZE STORY" must be written plainly at the top of each synopsis submitted. If the complete story is also submitted the words "COMPLETE STORY" must be written at the top of the first story sheet *and a synopsis properly marked must be attached thereto.* (A synopsis must in all cases be sent.)

6. The winning idea will be selected from the synopses submitted and $25,000.00 (Part One) will be awarded for it. If the complete story shall have been sent with the synopsis that wins the prize and this complete story is acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty, another $25,000.00 (Part Two) will be paid for such complete story. If the story sent with the winning synopsis is not acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty or if no story shall have been sent with the winning synopsis, the Publishers of Liberty will employ an experienced author to write the complete story and will award to such author the $25,000.00 (Part Two).

7. Upon payment by the Publishers of Liberty of the $25,000.00 (Part One) for the synopsis and / or the $25,000.00 (Part Two) for the complete story, the synopsis and the story and all rights to each and both of every kind and nature whatsoever, including the copyright therein and the right to secure copyright therein in all countries, shall become the absolute property of Liberty for use in any manner or for any purpose it may deem proper. The right is reserved to alter or revise the winning entry if necessary.

8. Through the arrangements made by Liberty with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—the largest producers and distributors of Motion Pictures in the world—many of the most popular stars are available to produce your story on the screen as a Paramount Picture. Note these: Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Betty Bronson, Ricardo Cortez, and many others. And in addition such world-famous directors as D. W. Griffith, James Cruze, Herbert Brenon, Allan Dwan, Sidney Olcott, Irvin Willat, William DeMille, and others.

9. Liberty will also endeavor to make arrangements with the prominent theatrical producers—Chas. Frohman, Inc.—for the production of the winning story for the speaking stage.

Liberty will also endeavor to arrange with book publishers for the publication of the story in book form.

All royalties or other income received by Liberty from such speaking stage rights or book publication rights will be paid to the author of the synopsis and the author of the story. If two persons, such sums will be divided equally and an equal half share will be paid to each.

10. The synopsis and story must be one of love and action and must be the original thought and work of the contestant. *It must be clean!*

You've been to the movies. You know the kind of story you would like. Submit your idea. There are no restrictions.

Helpful suggestions will be published each week in Liberty as an aid to those who may wish assistance.

11. The judges will consider synopses and stories by the nature of the plot, the originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, form of presentation, and wording. Writing, English, and spelling will not count in judging synopses.

12. The judges will be a Committee of three—one appointed by Liberty, another appointed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and the third an experienced author. Their decision on all matters will be final.

13. Contestants may submit as many synopses or as many stories as they wish, but each must be submitted in good faith. The name and address of the sender must be written plainly on each entry.

14. All entries must be addressed "Stories," care of Liberty, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. To facilitate matters ideas should be submitted AT ONCE! However, no entries will be received later than midnight, June 1st, 1925. Entries with insufficient postage will not be received. The publishers of Liberty will not be responsible for the loss, delay, or nondelivery of entries.

15. This offer is open to everybody, everywhere, except employees of Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and their families. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of each entry.

* * * * * *

This offer is the largest of its kind ever made. It presents an opportunity to every person regardless of station in life. You do not have to be an experienced author to compete. Anyone may submit his or her ideas.

Because of the size and nature of the offer it is possible that the winner, in addition to receiving a huge cash prize, will become world-famous.

Ideas should be submitted at once. Do not wait! For further details watch Liberty from week to week. Helpful suggestions will be published weekly.

Safe Investment Made Easy by this Book

THIS valuable illustrated book, now in its third edition, has brought happiness and independence to thousands of homes all over the country. It will bring *you* the opportunity to assure your own financial future, if you but send for it.

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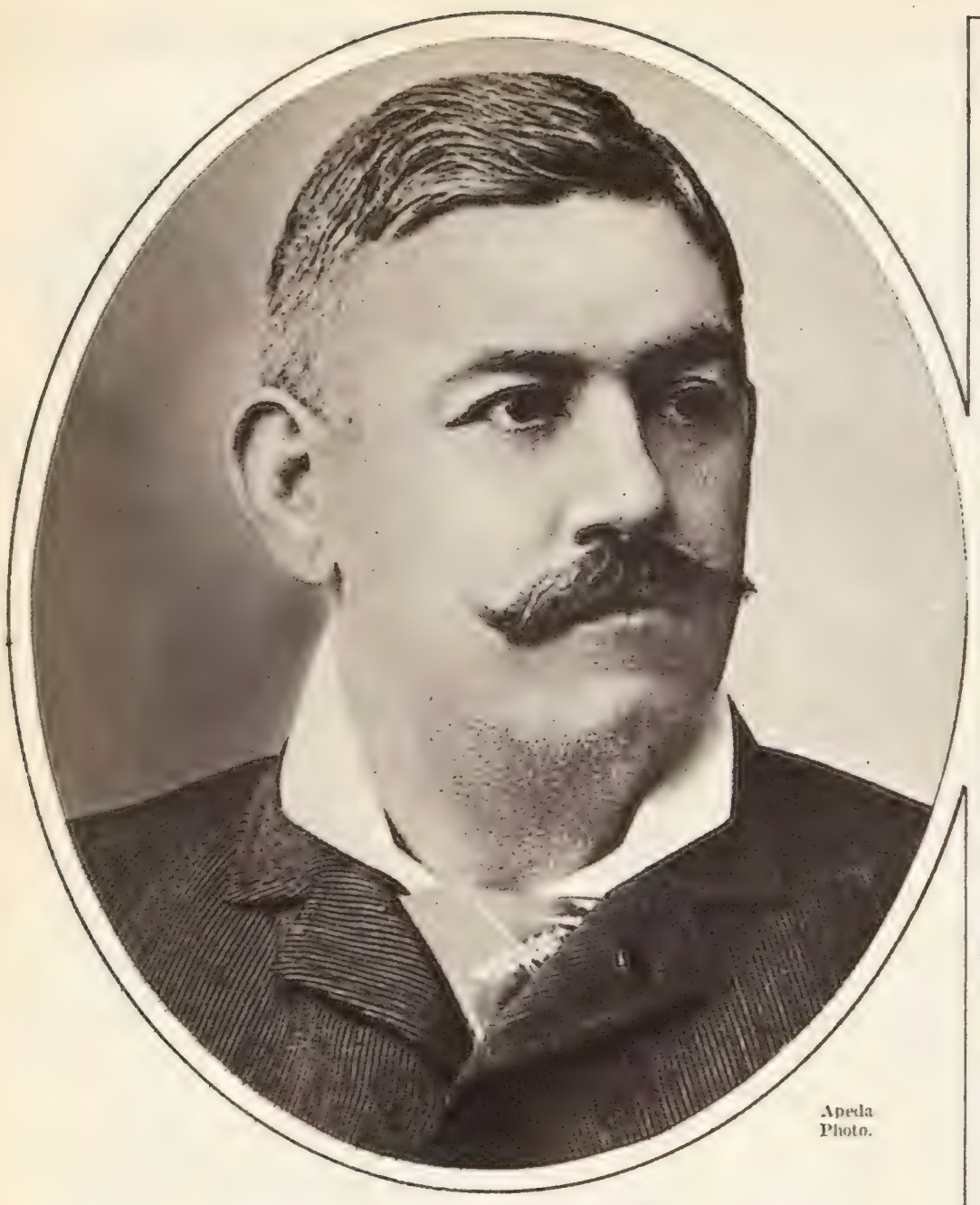
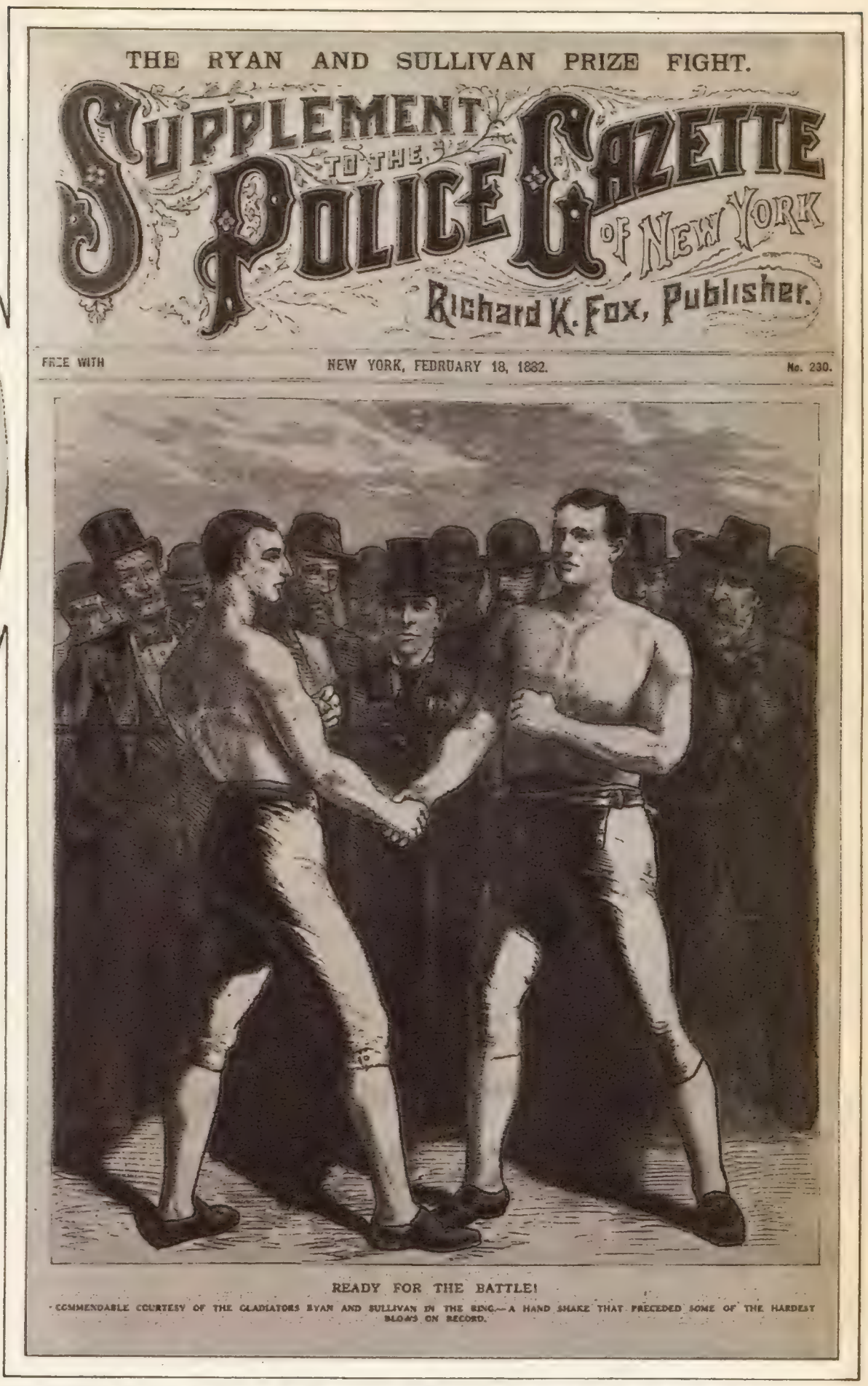


Apeda Photo.

A photograph of John L. Sullivan, taken about 1885, showing the tremendous neck, requiring a 20½ size collar.



THE RYAN AND SULLIVAN PRIZE FIGHT.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK

Richard K. Fox, Publisher.

FREE WITH NEW YORK, FEDRUARY 18, 1882. No. 230.

READY FOR THE BATTLE!

COMMENDABLE COURTESY OF THE GLADIATORS RYAN AND SULLIVAN IN THE RING.—A HAND SHAKE THAT PRECEDED SOME OF THE HARDEST BLOWS ON RECORD.

Sullivan, at the left, shaking hands with Paddy Ryan, whom he knocked out fifteen minutes later. A fantastic drawing, published by the Police Gazette February 18, 1882, in which little effort evidently was made by the artist to make the faces resemble the originals.

John L. Sullivan

The Life Story of "The Most Popular Man Who Ever Lived"

By Joe Dorney, Sullivan's Press Agent and Theatrical Manager for Years, and Sid Sutherland

FIFTH INSTALLMENT

The Battle of the Giants

AGES and ages ago—so it must seem to readers of the sporting pages of today—there were prize fighters who battled for glory alone and for the joy of fighting, without giving a thought to the money offered for the contest. And yet it is but thirty-three years since the greatest exponent of "fighting for the fight's sake" was knocked out by a speedy "dancing master," as James J. Corbett was called for years after he had beaten Sullivan.

The meteoric career of John L. Sullivan, tales of his incredible strength, of his fantastic adventures, and of his strange love story are told in this fascinating review of his life by Joe Dorney, for many years friend and advisor of the "Boston Strong Boy." Mr. Sutherland, well-known sports writer, collaborated with Mr. Dorney in the transcribing of his memories.

Previous installments told of Sullivan's early life, of his first professional prize fight, of his growing popularity, of contests in New York and Cincinnati; his offer of $50 to any man who would remain in the ring with him for four rounds; his defeat of John Flood in a battle on a barge in the Hudson River; his defiance of Flood's gangsters; his meeting with Arthur Chambers, who exerted a wonderful influence over the champion for many years; of his battle in Chicago with Captain James Dalton, after knocking out two longshoremen in less than two minutes. He then was ready to fight the Michigan Giant, Jack Burns.

A WEEK later Sullivan met Jack Burns in the same ring. An even larger crowd was packed in, and they yelled as Burns faced Sullivan.

"I hate to hit this fellow; he's too little!" cried the Michigan Giant when the referee clapped his hands.

"All right, come on down here to my size," John laughed as he drove his left to the stomach and his right to the descending chin. Another one-round knockout for Sullivan's record.

Two afternoons later, when Sullivan and Billy Madden entered McDonald's saloon, they found a telegram from New York, from Jim Keenan, whom Sullivan had asked to keep after Ryan for a match. The message said:

> Fox putting up ten thousand dollars for Ryan to fight you. Your bouts there decided him. Just wired Hill to put up same amount for me. Better hurry to New York. Will meet you there.

The trip East was a triumphal journey for

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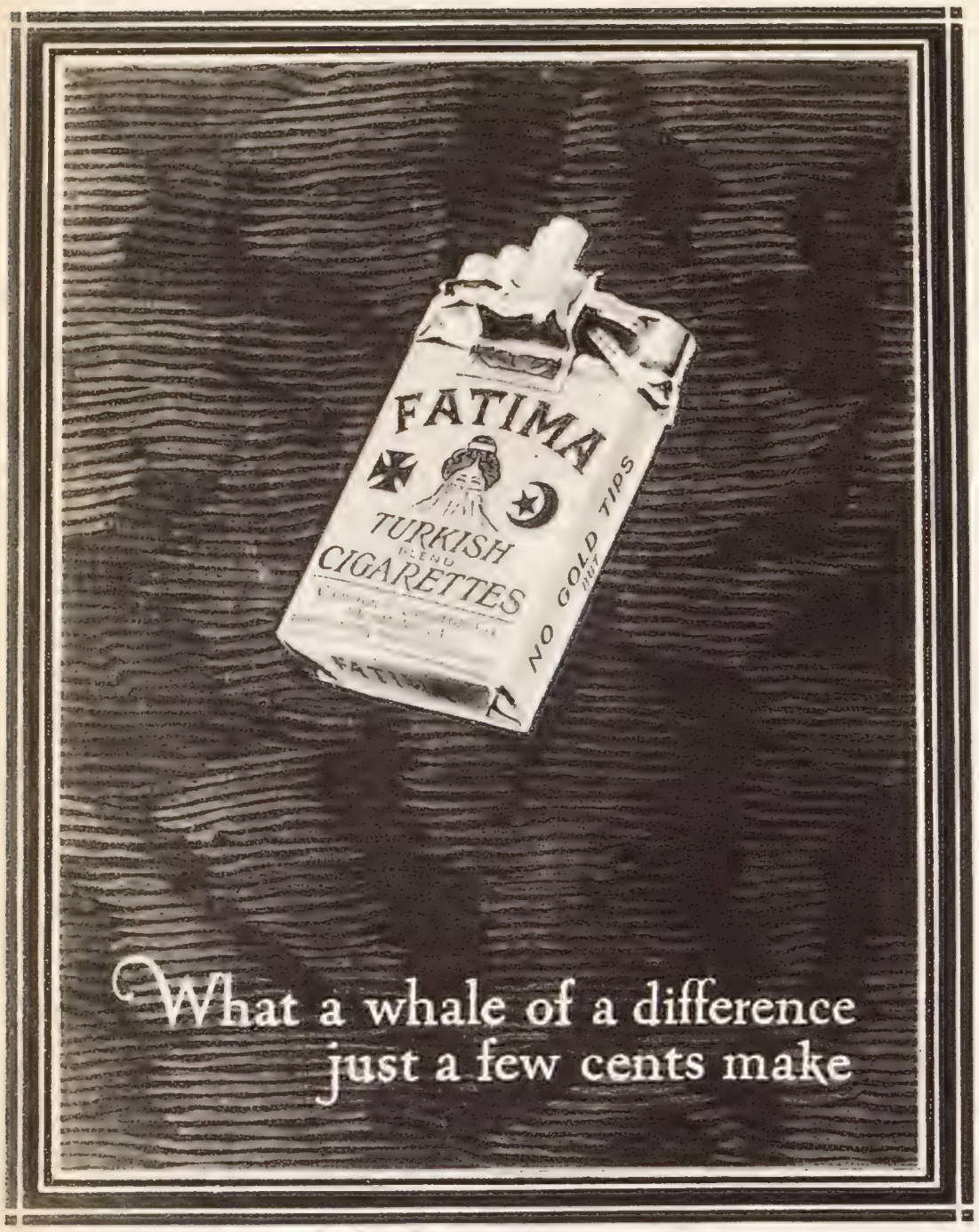

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the Boston Strong Boy. Word of his spectacular adventures in Chicago had filled the newspapers, and the tip had spread that at last Ryan had consented to meet a native-born American man for the title.

When the party reached Harry Hill's place in New York they found it buzzing with excitement. Keenan, Jimmy Colville, heaviest bettor Boston ever knew; Dave Blanchard, Dr. A. P. Ordway, George Law, and other live ones from The Hub were there with their hands in their pockets. Fox and Colonel Harding saw the bank rolls and reduced their demands to twenty-five hundred dollars a side. The match was to be bare knuckles, London Prize Ring rules, for a five-thousand-dollar stake, winner to take all the gate.

Sullivan and Ryan were brought together after Richard Fox, owner of the *Police Gazette*, and Madden had signed the final papers and posted a thousand dollars apiece with Hill. They stared a moment, and then smiled. The Strong Boy stuck out his hand.

"Well, Paddy, may the best man win, and no hard feelings," he said.

"The same to you, John," replied the Irishman, shaking hands. "I don't want the edge, as I might demand. Just a square fight between two good men, and may the winner be a great champion."

THE country went wild, and the newspapers couldn't get enough about Sullivan; for, although the date was agreed on after a while —February 7, 1882—the only information available concerning the site was that it would take place "somewhere near New Orleans." Men talked about little else, and wagers were made on every conceivable angle of the contest.

Ryan went into training at Far Rockaway, Long Island, under the guidance of the celebrated pugilist, Johnny Roche, father of Billy, the well-knqwn referee of today. John went home for a month's rest, and then began to do light gymnasium exercises and roadwork around Roxbury.

Late in November John started for the battle ground, accompanied by Keenan, Madden, Patsy Sheppard, Jimmy Wakely, Pete McCoy, Steve Taylor, Mike Cleary, Bob Farrell, Harry Hill, Basil Whitney, Dave Blanchard, and Arthur Chambers, the sour, sharp-tongued little Englishman who had already begun to reveal that extraordinary influence he had over Sullivan. In Washington, District of Columbia, they were welcomed by an impromptu Congressional Committee headed by Representative Archie Bliss of Brooklyn.

They reached the capital in the midst of the trial of Charles Guiteau, the murderer of President

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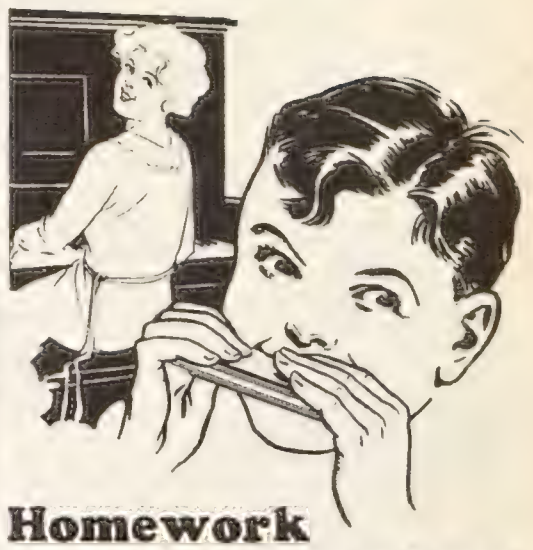

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Music plays an important part in the education of the boy or girl; and today the harmonica is playing an important part in musical education.

Anybody can quickly learn to play a Hohner Harmonica with the aid of the Free Instruction Book. There are no long hours of study and practice—just a few minutes a day, when you feel the desire, and you will soon be playing popular, classical and jazz selections.

Homework on a Hohner is *fun*. It teaches accuracy, rhythm and expression, the basis of a musical education. Get a Hohner today and ask for the Free Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Dept. 157, New York City.

Leading dealers everywhere sell Hohner Harmonicas — 50c up.

HOHNER HARMONICAS

Under a Year and over a Million!

Liberty's whirlwind trip across the million mark is based on the fundamental principle of manufacturing a commodity so good that, on merit alone, it gains repeat cash sales and builds volume!

LIBERTY has built, in less than a year, a *cash* weekly sale of 1,100,000 without resorting to such circulation crutches as price cutting, clubbing offers, or premiums to subscribers. This, plus the fact that 99% of its circulation is sold at newsstands and by boy salesmen, establishes *Liberty as a foremost advertising medium.*

Manufacturers who are using Liberty report profitable response from readers; and their salesmen have discovered that the story of a campaign in Liberty gives them a fresh, resultful approach to the trade!

Liberty advertisers have realized rich returns on their investments in its growth. Advertising Rate Card Number Four, based on 900,000, has just been issued, *yet Liberty rates already contain a generous margin of excess net paid!*

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A Weekly for Everybody

At all newsstands

Another
INGERSOLL
Triumph—
A DOLLAR STROPPER

Saves you $5 to $10 a Year

Why Throw Away Your Razor Blades?

Robt. H. Ingersoll, originator of the Dollar Watch, has brought this Stropping Outfit to such perfection that its merits are recognized by practically every one of the hundreds of thousands of users. There is a basic principle in it which makes it a success. Its popularity has become nationwide—a million men have turned to it—and are getting shaving comfort and economy that they never dreamed would come to them.

Why Buy New Blades When Your Old Ones Will Give You 100 or More Shaves?

There are 100 to 300 clean, comfortable shaves in every old blade. Prove it at our risk. Send $1 today for Ingersoll's Dollar Stropper and specially Prepared Leather Strop. Then strop the dullest blade you can find. If you don't get the quickest, cleanest, most comfortable shaves you ever had—better than you get from new blades—return outfit within 10 days and your $1 will be refunded.

AGENTS
Send for sample. Use it on a dull blade and see the amazing results. Then show it to your friends and start making big money.

Robert H. Ingersoll, Pres. New Era Mfg. Co.,
Dept. 534-A, 476 Broadway, New York City.

I am enclosing $1. Send Ingersoll's Dollar Stropper prepaid. Include specially prepared leather strop. If I am not entirely satisfied I may return outfit within 10 days and my $1 will be refunded.

Name ...

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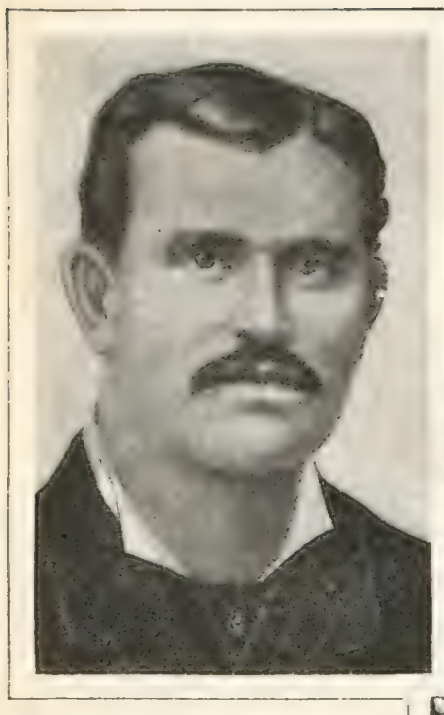
If interested in agents' proposition, check here



Paddy Ryan of Troy, N. Y., holder of the heavyweight championship and backed by the Police Gazette to the extent of $5,000 in cash against Sullivan.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE 36]

Garfield. Bliss took them to the jail, and Guiteau was brought out under heavy guard.

"He seemed to be a good-natured chap," Sullivan told me long after. "You'd never think he'd assassinate anybody, much less a kindly man like Garfield. He knew all about the fight with Ryan and seemed much more interested in that than in his trial.

"'I'd love to see you and Ryan mix it,' Guiteau said. 'If you fellows'll stick around till after the trial I'll go with you, because I'll be acquitted, sure. See! Here's sixteen dollars in silver some anarchists just gave me over in the courtroom. That's enough for my fare, and you can take me into the fight as one of your seconds.'

"The poor boob didn't seem to know what it was all about. They hanged him a few months later."

SULLIVAN'S party reached New Orleans on December 15. They went at once to his training quarters at Bay St. Louis. The big town was a madhouse. Every train brought new groups of sporting characters famous from coast to coast.

Did anybody oppose the match that everybody in America seemed to approve? I'll tell the thoroughly-cowed, broken-arched continent they did! The mar-joys launched their crusade in Louisiana, and so effective was their drive that Governor McHenry announced that the bout must not be staged within his State. Sullivan's camp at once went to Carrollton, Mississippi, and Ryan's party moved to West End. The lower house of the Mississippi Legislature thereupon passed a bill forbidding boxing, but the upper house managed to stall it off until February 7, 1882, the date of the fight.

With both camps going full blast and with Sullivan rapidly rounding into perfect form—indeed, he attained for this contest the pinnacle of physical preparedness, a condition he was never afterward to reach—New Orleans went even crazier than ever.

The hotels were jammed, the lobbies and the bars and theater foyers and street corners being the scenes of excitement and hilarious confusion.

The morning of the fight came and the railway tracks were solid caravans of coaches, with men packed in the aisles and riding on top. The trains began to depart at 4 A. M. and left at ten-minute intervals until seven o'clock.

When the crowds reached Mississippi City they found that splendid arrangements had been made. The ring was staked off on the turf directly in front of the Barnes Hotel. The magnificent grounds undulated gently to the lovely waters of the Gulf of Mexico, less than a hundred yards away.

The "Battle of the Giants" in Mississippi City, Miss., in which John L. (at the left) knocked out Paddy Ryan in the ninth round and won the world's championship.

While the fighters were resting in their quarters and their managers were in the bar, wrangling over the referee, a glance around the ringside disclosed that everybody of consequence in the financial and sporting worlds seemed to be present.

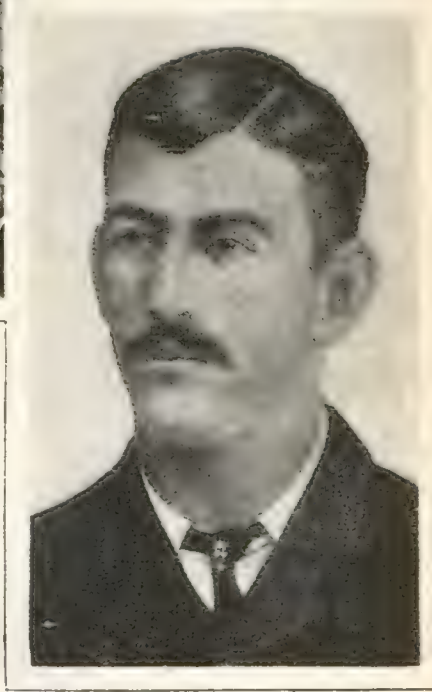
Among them were Jesse and Frank James, most famous outlaws of our history. Jesse was shot to death less than five months later at St. Joseph, Missouri, by Bob Ford, his nephew and a member of the gang.

Others were "Red" O'Leary, celebrated New York bank robber; Dan O'Leary, the pedestrian; John Deery, champion billiard player; Billy Emerson, the minstrel; Sam Collyer; Joe Coburn, who fought Jem Mace; Tom Allen, and other noted fighters. On the balconies were judges, bankers, railway kings, writers, and others.

About noon the referee was agreed on—Colonel Alexander Brewster, a congenial Southerner whose honor was as unsullied as his juleps were unrivaled. Fox succeeded, however, in having Jack Hardy of New York named as "assistant referee," though just what his idea was has never been told. Then the fighters were summoned.

Sullivan was the first to come through the crowd and enter the ring, receiving a deafening ovation. He was a statue of Hercules with veins afire, so mighty and muscled, so confident and grim, so agile and graceful in his movements, that men tingled with pleasure at the sight. Ryan, who showed up a moment later, was a beautiful specimen of manhood, too, tall and straight and excellently proportioned.

There was little delay, and the two great gladiators were soon facing each other in the center of the ring. What does it behoove to narrate so epic a contest in its thrilling details? Let it suffice to say that they fought as only heroes fight; that Sullivan began to forge ahead almost as soon as they clashed in the first round; that Ryan, striving valiantly, was crushed to earth time after time by blows that shook him from head to heel, but always arose and came back for more; that his handlers worked frantically to stem the ebbing tide of strength; that John L. stood easily in his corner when his opponent's falls ended the rounds; that in the ninth he dealt his adversary so dreadful a blow on the neck that Ryan collapsed, unconscious and utterly vanquished; and that the maddened mob tore the ropes to pieces for souvenirs and lifted Sullivan to its shoulders, America's first champion and, that day, probably the most perfect piece of superfighting machinery the ages have ever beheld.



A photograph of John L. Sullivan taken shortly before the big fight for the championship at Mississippi City

Ryan was fearfully punished, and he was quickly carried to his train and hurried into Louisiana to prevent his arrest by the Mississippi sheriffs, who had enjoyed the fight and who considerately waited for the principals to cross the State line before leaving the bar to hunt for them.

THAT night at his hotel in turbulent New Orleans Sullivan took the first decisive step along that perfumed, gleaming path that winds so fascinatingly among the fleshpots but leads so inevitably to disasters. Surrounded by sycophants and adulants and friends, he drank deeply of the bubbling goblet that in later years became so familiar to his hand.

There he first realized that he was no longer an uncouth bruiser smashing his way to the top of the ladder, but was the champion of the world and so obsequiously regarded by all who came near him. Deference and sincere esteem and unprecedented popularity had taken the place of mere tolerance and indifference and obscurity; and he resolved to get some of the good things of life, as he found them good, not realizing until the tide of time and the gales of misconduct cast him broken and deserted on the beach that he was to be the good thing

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

All that the scalp requires CLEANING *and* FEEDING

A combination treatment at the cost of a shampoo

WILDROOT TAROLEUM HAIR-WASH

WELL informed people know that their scalps need food, as well as cleaning. But, scalp foods, such as crude-oil, have always been difficult to apply.

Hair specialists have at last been able to combine *scalp-cleaning* and *scalp-feeding* in one efficient treatment — called Taroleum.

Stimulating food makes healthy hair

Taroleum cleans thoroughly —easily removes dangerous, unhealthy dirt. Besides this, Taroleum supplies the hair-roots with life-giving crude-oil in a new, clean form.

The first part of a Taroleum shampoo consists in gently rubbing Taroleum into the scalp with the finger tips. This massage opens the pores of the scalp, and allows the healthful crude-oil to soak through to the hungry roots of the hair.

Snowy lather quickly absorbs dirt

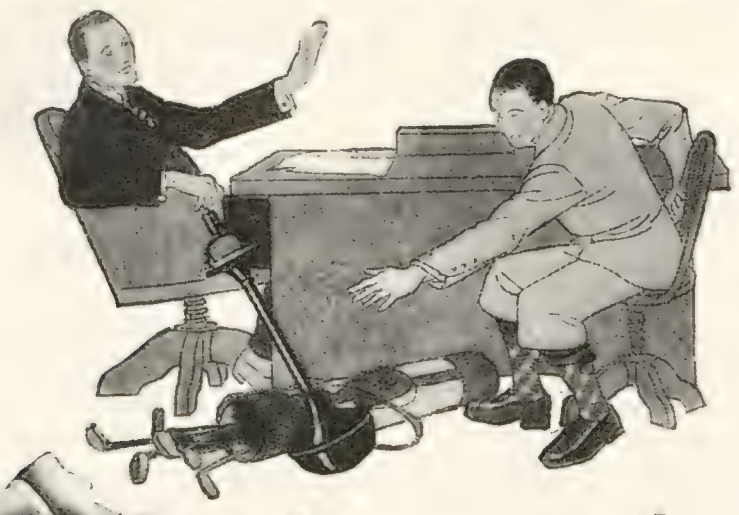
Now, for the second thing that every scalp requires — *cleaning*. After the brief Taroleum massage — a wetting with warm water produces a creamy lather. These snowy suds make a clean sweep of all the dust, grime and dandruff.

Splendid for fair hair

Delicate snow-white, or golden hair is especially in need of a thorough cleanser like Taroleum, that will not discolor the hair.

Guaranteed to please —

We guarantee you will like Taroleum — or we'll return your money — *every cent.* Your druggist has it. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.



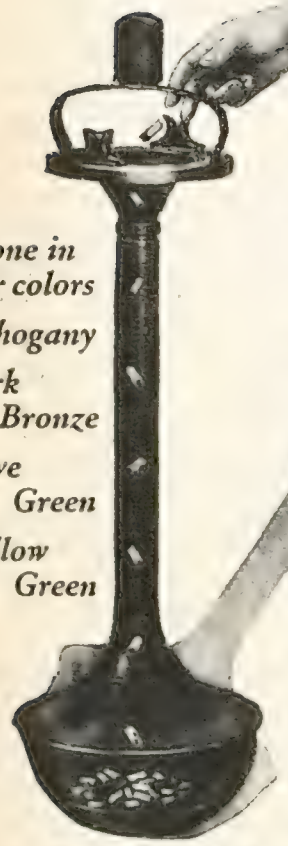
Fore! . . . . . !

"I say, old man, your form is rotten. You're swaying and pressing and everything. Take it easy." Golf bags *will* fall over, but Smokador—the Ashless Ashstand—*never!* If it gets knocked over, it *rights* itself — always returns to its upright position, without spilling.

Then, another thing, the clips on the *bottomless* tray *hold* the cigars and cigarettes from falling either in or out. Moreover, if you forget your cigarette, when it burns up to the clip, the clip puts it *out*. This is just another Smokador feature.

And not only are you freed from fire hazards and annoyances of awful odors and unsightly messes — you are also freed from the unpleasant work of constantly emptying ash trays. With the Smokador, once a week or so you unscrew the bowl and empty it — *that's all!* It is simplicity itself. No liquids or other materials are used.

Department, furniture, hardware, gift and cigar stores sell the Smokador. If your dealer doesn't display it, he will get one for you. Remember, there is only one Smokador.



Done in four colors

Mahogany

Dark Bronze

Olive Green

Willow Green

Pat. Feb. 26, 1924

Smokador Mfg. Co. Inc., 130 W. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y

SMOKADOR

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Ashless Ashstand

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

in the lives of so many fawners and leeches.

A day or so later Sullivan and his party started North. He went first to Chicago, where he boxed several times at Parson Davies' show, and then continued East. He stopped in a number of towns where large offers had been made to Madden for the new champion to appear in exhibitions.

But Sullivan finally reached Boston late in April, and after the historic reception and exceedingly moist celebration were ended, John got away from the clamoring crowds and hastened to Sharon. They left him alone in the parlor with Catherine Harkins.

"Katie," he said, "I have come for you. I am at the top. It was a hard road, but I made it. And I made it for you as well as for myself. Things will be easy now for us, if you will marry me."

HIS hands were trembling with eagerness—and from the effects of the celebration.

The girl looked at him a long time. Then she shook her head.

"I can't go down that road with you, John. You found it a hard one; how much harder will it be for a woman's feet? It is not kind or fair to ask me to tread that road—to be a prize fighter's wife."

"But I'm the champion, Katie. Everywhere I look I look down—there's nothing higher. I didn't ask you to marry me when I was climbing up there. I do now."

"There are higher things for a woman to look for than to be a pugilist's wife. I wonder if you know how I'll be feeling when you are away fighting—or celebrating after you win; or greeting you after you lose, as lose you must some day, and are deserted by the men who are now so eager for your friendship? John, if you don't understand, I can't explain it to you. But I will not marry you while you are drinking and while you are fighting."

"I can quit one, Katie, but I can't quit the other. Fighting is all I know, all I can make a decent living at, all I enjoy. I must fight till the end."

"Very well, John, when the end comes, and I pray to God it may come soon, I'll be waiting. I'll wait for you till I die—there's no one else—there never can be anyone else. When you have run your course, no matter what has happened, just turn around and you'll find me waiting."

"Good-by, Katie. May the good God love and guard you."

"Good-by, John. My prayers will be with you till you come back to me. I will wait."

She prayed for thirty-two years before Sullivan had run his course and turned around and found her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Apply with Fingers Like Fragrant Cold Cream

Simply spread MOLLE over the dampened beard, then shave—that's all!

NO muss, fuss or bother with soap and brush—no troublesome rubbing up of lather.

Just MOLLE and your favorite razor for a jimdandy, smooth shave that leaves such a joyous after feel of face comfort that lotions and talcum are never needed.

For Sale at all good drug stores

Generous Trial Tube Free

Name —

Address -

Mail to Pryde-Wynn Co., New Brighton, Pa.

"Old Town Canoes"

Days that merit fond reflection

Days when the lake is crystal clear and the sky is cloudless overhead — these are such days as vacation dreams are made of.

Get an "Old Town." Here is a sturdy canoe of unusual beauty. "Old Towns" are low in price. $64 up. From dealer or factory.

* * *

The 1925 catalog shows all models in snappy colors. It is free. Write for your copy today. Old Town Canoe Co., 1504 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

waiting quietly, smilingly, patiently, faithfully.

John was downhearted at Miss Harkins' refusal to marry him, but meeting Annie Bates on the street a few days later he invited her to luncheon. Perhaps it was to make Katie jealous that John and Annie were much together from that time on. The Big Fellow knew mutual friends would tell the Roxbury girl about it. At any rate, John, in telling of it later, said almost before he knew it Annie and he were engaged. They were married May 1 in a Catholic church in South Boston. The marriage did not prove a happy one, and in less than a year they had separated. Occasionally there were reconciliations, brought about by friends, but these always ended the same way—in quarrels and separations. Finally they separated for good. One year after their marriage a boy was born to them and was named for his father. The child died before he was thirty months old.

ABOUT this time Sullivan, who had beaten a number of challengers, decided to tend to the case of Mr. Jimmy Elliot, a courageous and able fighter who had been belittling John L. since the night he and Mike Donovan had watched him defeat Patsy Hogan. They met on July 4, 1882, at Jones Woods, New York, and, while John had not trained and Elliot had, he won the battle and the bets by stopping his opponent in the third round.

Thirteen days after the bout with Elliot came the famous clash with Tug Wilson, Sullivan's first appearance in Madison Square Garden. The old Garden, rebuilt in 1890 by Stanford White, occupied the same site it does today, Madison and Fourth Avenues from Twenty-sixth to Twenty-seventh Street. Wilson, whose real name was Joe Collins, had come over from Leicester, England, heralded by the *Police Gazette* crowd as one fighter who could "pulverize" the champion.

They met on the evening of July 17, and ten thousand spectators saw the farce, Wilson going down every time Sullivan even feinted at him. He dropped seventeen times in the first two rounds, and they lost track of the time he spent on the floor the last two, crawling about and hugging Sullivan's knees.

Sullivan was half crazy, trying to hit Tug solidly and demanding the referee disqualify the Englishman or make him fight. Wilson was badly battered, but he won one thousand dollars a round for staying the four; and a New York sport dryly remarked:

"You can buy a lot of court plaster for four thousand dollars."

Following the Wilson fiasco,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$50,000 In Cash For An Idea

Special notice to contestants for "Liberty" prizes

THE "Liberty" Story Contest has aroused tremendous interest throughout the country and thousands of men and women are working to win one (*or both!*) of the $25,000 prizes.

Free pamphlet to help you

The Palmer Institute of Authorship wishes to co-operate in every way possible in this movement to develop new writers, and we have therefore published a pamphlet which we will send *free* to everyone who requests it. This pamphlet tells

How to write the story synopsis

It tells how to prepare a story synopsis in the form most acceptable to editors and motion picture producers, and we believe you will find it of very great help in this $50,000 "Liberty" Contest. Just mail the coupon and we'll gladly send it to you *free* by return mail.

Mail This Coupon

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP
Associated with Palmer Photoplay Corporation
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Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your pamphlet, telling how to write a story synopsis in the form most acceptable to editors and motion picture producers.

Name.....

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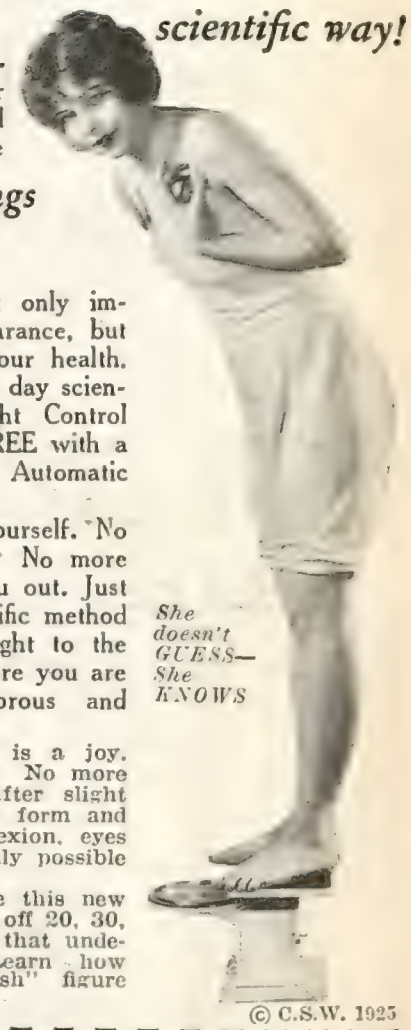
Reduce Your Weight *this new scientific way!*

Don't starve yourself to be slim! Don't torture yourself with hard, tiring exercises. Don't ruin your stomach with dangerous drugs. Here is the simple and pleasant new way to reduce 20, 30, 40 pounds, or more

Weight control now made easy! 2 things necessary—ask for them!



DON'T starve yourself and tire yourself with strenuous exercises in order to reduce weight. Don't poison yourself with internal drugs which ruin your stomach if they do not injure you more seriously.

A new scientific System of Weight Control teaches you how to take off 20, 30, 40 pounds, or more, so easily and pleasantly that you'll be surprised and delighted.

One important secret of weight control is know your weight. A HEALTH - O - METER Automatic Bathroom Scale is the greatest aid in reducing and in keeping slim. Casually weighing yourself on unreliable public scales isn't enough. *You must know your weight* —your real weight, not the weight you guess at by guessing how much your clothing weighs and how much the scale may be incorrect. A HEALTH-O-METER scale in your bathroom, where you can weigh yourself every day, without clothing, gives you accurate, reliable, positive *knowledge* about your weight.

Your weight is not only important to your appearance, but vitally important to your health. So we offer you a new day scientific System of Weight Control which we give you FREE with a HEALTH - O - METER Automatic Bathroom Scale.

No more drugging yourself. No more starvation diets. No more exercises that wear you out. Just an easy, simple, scientific method for reducing your weight to the desirable condition where you are normal, healthy, vigorous and physically lovely.

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Learn how to reduce this new easy way. How to take off 20, 30, 40 pounds or more of that undesirable overweight. Learn how to regain that "boyish" figure and that "schoolgirl" complexion. It is easy to be happy and beautiful this new way.

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Please mail me free and postpaid the book "Weigh What You Want." This in no way obligates me.

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State .....

"My Way

to keep the hands soft, white, and smooth"

By Dorothy Mackaill

Well Known Motion Picture Actress

"PEOPLE often ask me what I do to keep my hands and arms soft, white and smooth, especially when the arms are exposed in evening dress.

"I have a very simple recipe. It is California lemons.

"I rub the skin with half a lemon night and morning.

"This takes off hidden dirt, and bleaches the skin.

"I keep this halved California lemon, together with a fresh one, always in a saucer near the wash bowl and use it regularly. I know of several other moving picture stars who do the same.

"We know this is effective so we are glad to urge others to care for the skin in this way.

"Try it for ten days and you'll see the results."

Always ask for California lemons, juicy, tart and practically seedless. Send coupon for free booklet, "Toilet Uses For The Lemon."

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Sec. R-316, Los Angeles, California.
Please send me free book, "Toilet Uses For The Lemon," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring and in beautifying the hair.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

How Much Punch Have We in the Pacific?

A remarkable article by

ARTHUR SEARS HENNING

This spring the American war games in the Pacific are being played on the grandest scale ever staged by any nation.

Battleships, submarines, aircraft, coast fortifications, marines and soldiers will "attack" and "defend" the Hawaiian archipelago—and expert umpires will decide whether offensive or defensive is victorious.

ARTHUR SEARS HENNING, internationally famed writer on war and politics, brings out the facts of this magnificent trial of skill—in next week's

5c Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

At all newsstands

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

John quarreled with Madden, whom he blamed for not seeing that a referee who would enforce the rules was engaged. He asked Pat Sheedy and Jimmy Wakely to look after his interests and departed on a six months' tour of the East and Middle West, offering $500 to any man he could not stop in four rounds.

IN the spring of 1883 Charlie Mitchell arrived in New York from London. He was the first of the modern school heavyweights to cross the ocean, a real fighter, game as a bulldog and so clever that the "fancy" began to wonder if John L. could whip him. They sent word to the champion out on the road, and the champion returned to New York at once, arriving just in time to watch Mitchell stage one of his characteristic battles. He was at ringside when Charlie feinted Mike Cleary into lifting his guard to protect his jaw and then nailed him in the stomach with a right swing.

"He's good," Sullivan admitted. "But he's not good enough. Get him for me, Jimmy, and bet every dime we have in the world that I'll beat him."

Wakely went to see "Pony" Moore, Mitchell's father-in-law and a remarkable character, famous for his shrewdness and his savage Whitechapel wit. Mitchell came into Harry Hill's while they were discussing the match.

"Fight yer bleedin' Boston champ?" he inquired, scornfully. "Hi'll not only fight 'im and bet he cawn't knock me aout, but hi'll 'it 'im with so many gloves he'll never know wot hit's all about. John cawn't box, yer know; he's only a bally slugger, like a jackass, and them birds is bubble and squeak for Charlie. Sign 'im up, Pony, and we'll fill the Bank of Hengland with our pickin's."

The date of the battle was set for May 14, and it was destined to be the first fight in which John L. Sullivan was knocked flat on his back.

The sixth installment, to appear in next week's issue, will include the story of Sullivan's sensational battle with Charlie Mitchell, famous English heavyweight; John L.'s victory over a noted New Zealand fighter; of his opening a marvelous saloon in Boston and many incidents in connection with that place; his tour of the United States in which he knocked out one hundred and sixty-five men in one hundred and fifty-four cities in nine months; his return to Boston, only to find that his bartenders had made themselves rich, instead of him; and, finally, of his being matched to meet Professor John Laflin, boxing instructor of the New York Athletic Club and protege of New York's far famed "Four Hundred."

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USE KLENZO DENTAL CREME for white teeth, healthy gums and a clean mouth.

KLENZO frees your teeth and mouth of secretions that foster germs, acidity and decay.

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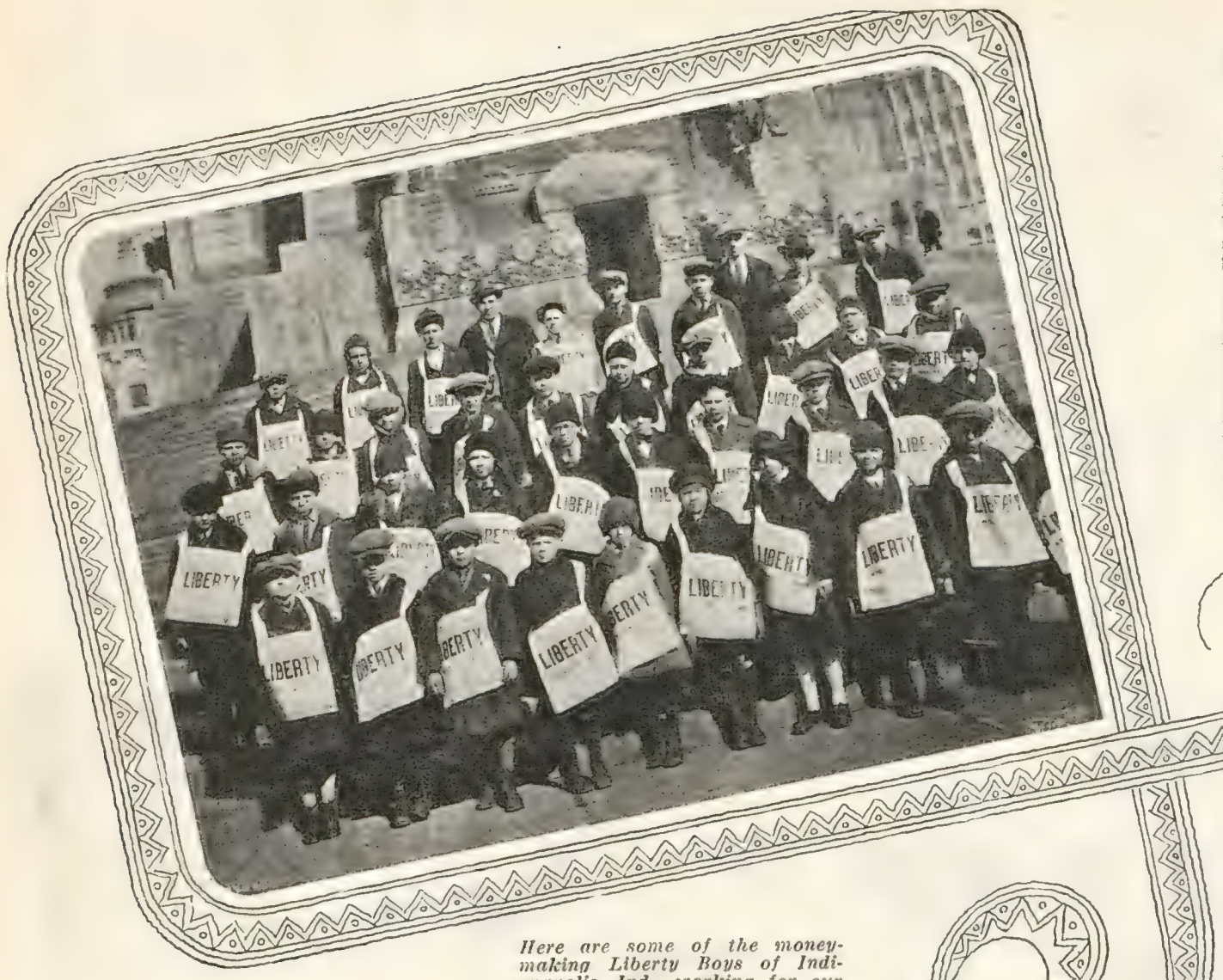
Here are some of the money-making Liberty Boys of Indianapolis, Ind., working for our dealers, the Capitol News Co.

These boys are selling Liberty—earning money in spare time.

Eli Fireman of Maine sells a large number of Liberty Magazines every week.

William J. Foerstel of Missouri has increased his supply every week since he started.

Richard Gumm, of Kentucky, sells 600 Liberty Magazines every week.

Thomas Hickey of California has been a Liberty Boy Salesman for many months—sells over 100 Liberty Magazines.

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Boys—make money

Start your own Liberty Magazine route—it's easy

You don't need one penny to start. We supply everything: bag, magazines and full instructions. You don't need any experience: thousands of boys, who are now making their own spending money—every week—started without any experience. You don't need to leave your own neighborhood: simply deliver and sell Liberty Magazines to customers right in your own neighborhood. Isn't that an easy way to make money and get free prizes? You don't need to miss your classes or play—just work in your spare time, after school, or Saturdays—just as you like.

No matter whether you live in a small town or big city, you can sell Liberty Magazines and have a regular weekly income. There is a Liberty Boy organization right in your town. You can join them now and begin making money at once. No waiting. No hard work. No long hours.

Here is your chance, at last, to be independent—to make your own spending money. Start today. In just a short time you will also have a good paying route established—like the other Liberty Boy Salesmen—all over the country.

Fill in the coupon. Mail it today. Begin at once to earn money, to buy the things you want this summer—or save it for your vacation, etc. We will promptly send you all details and show you how to get a quick start. Remember—it costs you nothing. Don't delay. Our local distributor will welcome and help you to be a happy Liberty Boy Salesman like the crowd shown above. Read about the Free prizes also given away.

Free Prizes—Send Coupon for details

No other work we know of offers you all these advantages: First of all, it's good, steady pay, week in and week out; then the work's easy—no long hours; then you have an excellent chance to get some wonderful free prizes besides, such as a regular full size bicycle, a radio set, kodak, wagon, baseball suits, mits, balls, bats, all the sporting goods a boy wants; also saxophones and musical instruments of all kinds—**Free!** Don't wait. Be a Liberty Boy Salesman in your own town, and a money maker. Fill in the coupon, we'll send you the catalog of Free Prizes—and full information—at once.

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division,
Tribune Square, Chicago, Illinois.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

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Address .....

City ..... State .....

A scene from James M. Barrie's "PETER PAN", a Paramount Picture

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Give You a Striking, New Opalescent Beauty in Any Light—*instead of the dull, lifeless effect of ordinary powders*

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THE mysterious combination of dazzling hues in Peter Pan OPAL HUE Powder reflects utmost beauty under any kind of light—day or night. Countless atoms of Crimson, Mauve, Emerald, Azure, Amber, etc.—the shimmering tints captured from the gorgeous opal—are cleverly blended in this most precious powder.

Myriads of OPAL HUES so fine they are invisible—but under the powerful glass of the microscope they leap into flaming beauty. That is why Peter Pan OPAL HUE Powder so marvelously films the skin with a new prismatic beauty.

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OPAL HUE
BEAUTY *Powder*

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In a box of glistening black and gold.

Generous Trial

If your dealers cannot supply you send $1.00 for a generous size box of this exquisite powder and the amazing story of its creation. (Trial size not sold in stores.) Mail coupon now.

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FALLIS, Inc., *Perfumer*,
1505 Riverside Drive, Cincinnati
Enclosed is $1.00 for a generous Trial Box of Peter Pan OPAL HUE Powder and the amazing story of its creation

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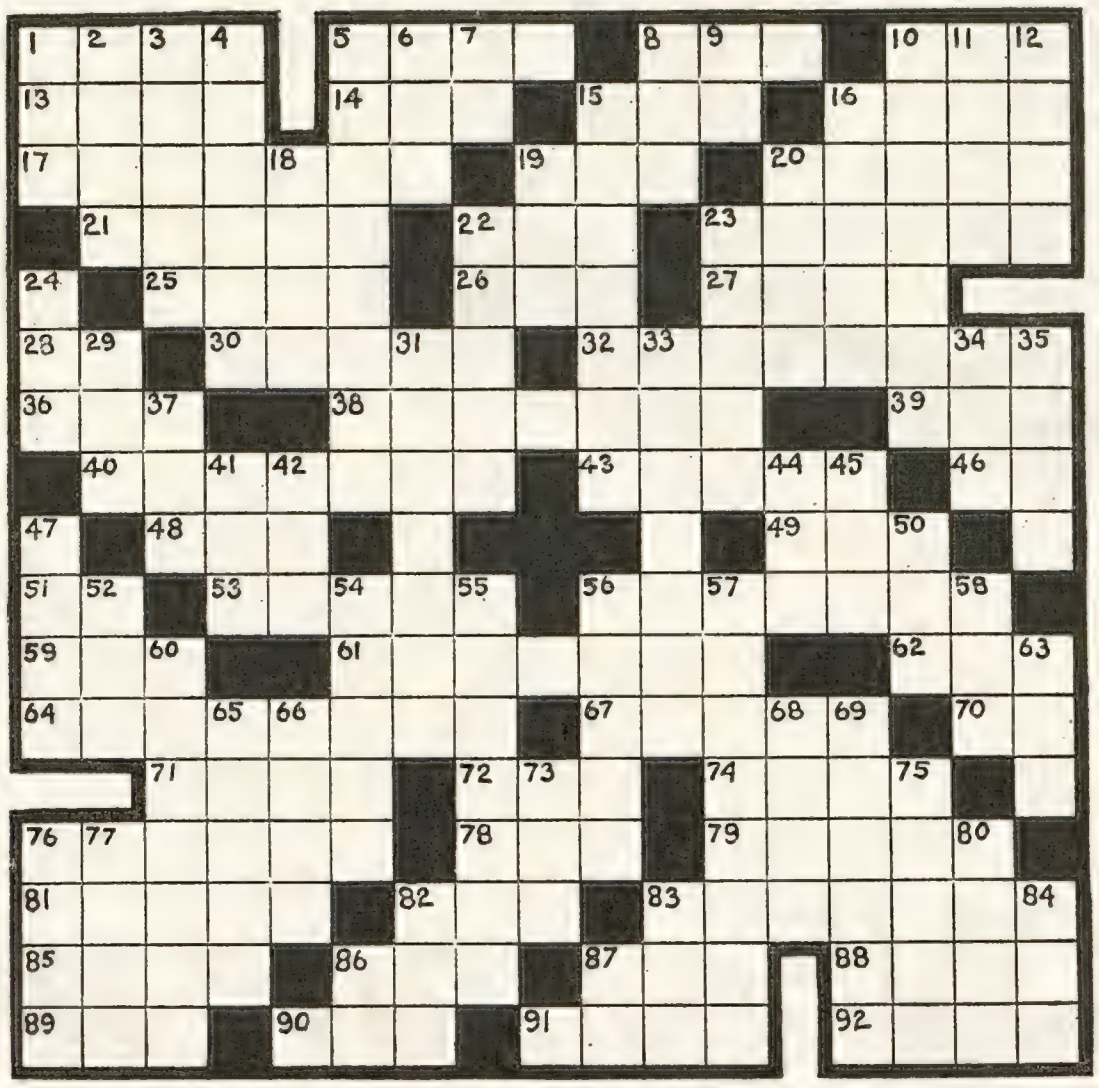
.....

Give shade wanted .....

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle

No. 24

HERE is a puzzle made in a pinwheel design. The puzzle maker was in a Five Vertical mood when he constructed it. The definitions may tease you. Some of the old familiar words have new labels. For instance, Number 8 Horizontal is an old-timer in disguise. So is 19 Horizontal. Do they fool you?

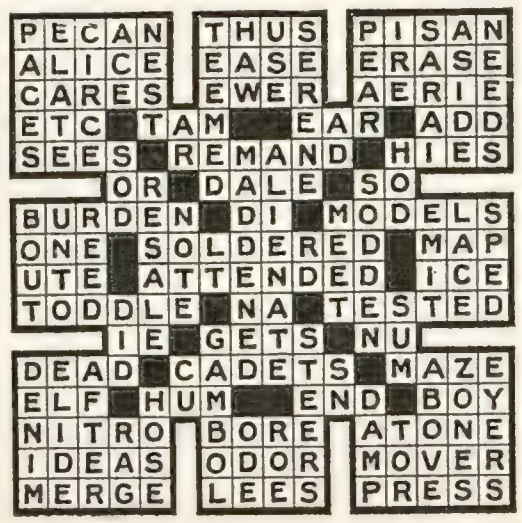


HORIZONTAL

1 Fury
5 To have a reeling sensation
8 To hound with importunity
10 An eternity
13 Always
14 A cooking vessel
15 Possessive pronoun
16 Principal personage in a story
17 Son of David and King of Israel
19 Pieces or markers used in games
20 A kind of food
21 Saltpeter
22 To plunder
23 Unassuming
25 Filth
26 Implement for propelling a boat
27 Combining form; oil
28 While
30 Overlays the inner roof
32 Infidel
36 A measure for yarn
38 Changing direction
39 Former French coin
40 A stage player
43 Inclosed
46 "Note well" (Latin abbr.)
48 Letter of the Greek alphabet
49 Drag
51 Indicating one of several
53 To render dull or stupid
56 A gem
59 To drink slowly
61 Joining
62 A vase
64 Slenderest
67 A heron
70 Pronoun (solemn or poetical style)
71 Poverty
72 To make lace of a particular kind
74 Fruiting spikes of grain
76 A legislative body
78 Printer's measures
79 Upstanding
81 Angry
82 Remnant of food
83 Tower of a mosque
85 Members of a tribe of Algonquin Indians
86 Existed
87 A color shade
88 Thin, small piece of baked clay used for roofing or flooring
89 Suffix indicating native of a country
90 Still
91 Of considerable extent from end to end
92 Hastened

VERTICAL

1 Particular matter or point (law)
2 A river identified with Shakespeare's birthplace
3 Frozen
4 Pertaining to love
5 Playful
6 Pallid
7 A preposition
8 Squalid place of resort
9 Either
10 Devices for snaring eels
11 Pertaining to the mouth
12 Knot or protuberance
15 Pertaining to the Hebrews
16 Part of a harness (plural)
18 Such and no more
19 Extinct bird of New Zealand
20 Storage receptacle for green fodder
22 A kind of flower (plural)
23 Tunes
24 Close associate
29 A large body of water
31 Structural tissue changes from injury or disease
33 Biting with repeated effort
34 Electrical particle
35 Solid of six equal square sides
37 To do
41 Small flap
42 Lament
44 A kind of tree
45 An instrumental duet
47 A written permit
50 African antelope
52 Nothing
54 A kind of leather
55 Snickers
56 Convention or congress (plural)
57 Harmonizing
58 Thirsty
60 Light sailing vessel used as a tender
63 Recent
65 Edible part of a nut (plural)
66 To apportion
68 To gain by labor
69 Handles, as a theme or argument
73 Insect
75 Certificate of subscription to a bond issue
76 The "six" on a die
77 Epochs
80 Combining form; from a distance
82 Cereal grass eaten by horses
83 To provide with a crew
84 To arrange, as grass, for drying
86 Personal pronoun
87 Toward



Answer to Puzzle No. 23

$1800 for a Story!

RECENTLY a writer was paid $1800 for a single Short Story! By learning to write the stories of her dreams this woman has found her way to fame and fortune. You too can learn at home during spare time WITH OUR COURSE.

Writers Are Needed

There are 24,868 publications, the majority of which buy short stories. High prices are paid for good stories and the demand for stories and photoplays is tremendous. We give **Unlimited Personal Criticism and Manuscript Sales Service**—and help you to sell.

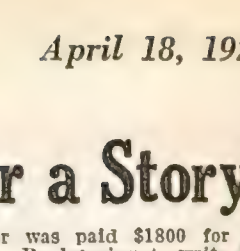
Get Some Contest Money

Immense Cash Prize Contests are continually being offered by many of the largest magazines. At present, Liberty is offering $50,000 for a movie idea. Our course, with our unlimited personal criticism, will help you win movie and short story writing contest money.

Students Earn Thousands

of dollars—one student alone has earned over $5000 with her pen since taking our personal training—others earning **Big Money Every Day.** You can too!

Jack London Said:



"I like your simple, direct, straight-from-the-shoulder method of presenting the matter. As a veteran in the Short Story Game I feel justified in giving my judgment that your course is excellently comprehensive and practical." **He endorsed NO OTHER.**

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$500 a Week for Limericks!

Liberty's Most Amusing Contest---Open to Everybody, Everywhere!

Well, Well, Folks!

Here we are, back on board Liberty's Unlimited Limericks Express—with Casey Jones at the throttle, and the boiler simply bulgin' with steam! Never mind your tickets, folks. Everybody rides free!

And now, before the train starts, take a peek at the coupon. Sumthin' awful has occurred! Got your pencils and paper ready?

All aboard! A-l-l-l aboar-r-r-r-d! Casey, let go that steam!

For the Five Best Lines

submitted to complete the Limerick in the coupon, describing what happened after the dog raised ructions on the ballroom floor, Liberty will pay the following big cash

PRIZES:

1st Prize . . . $250 **3d Prize $75**
2d Prize . . . $100 **4th Prize $50**
5th Prize . . . $25

Send in as many last lines as you please. Every member of the family can compete. There's only one thing to remember: a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last* line rhymes with the first two.

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. Neatness counts. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

All Last Lines for *This Week's* Contest Must Reach Us Not Later Than *Midnight, April 25*

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes

The orchestra started to roar,
The dancers were out on the floor,
When out of the dark
Came a mad canine bark

. . . . . .

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to—
LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty,*
P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.
MY NAME IS.....
STREET ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....
(Issue of April 18)

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of March 14. The Limerick read as follows:

A sailor upon the high seas
Remarked, "We will soon have a breeze."
And, certain enough,
It soon got so rough

. . . . . .

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250
That those "C's" sure did "T's" that tar's "E's."
Written by JACK TODD, 5806 Bower Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

SECOND PRIZE—$100
He got waves in his hair, if you please.
Written by SAMUEL E. SNYDER, 3503 Vista Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

THIRD PRIZE—$75
His "high C's" were replaced by "O-G's!"
Written by JOSEPH McD. MATHEWS, 1758 Childs Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50
That he cried, "Take me home, captain, please."
Written by JOHN WESLEY NOBLE, 526 Hanover Street, Fall River, Mass.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25
He steered for the Florida Keys.
Written by WILLIAM GILMORE, Soldiers and Sailors' Home, Erie, Pa.

Yes, Yes—We Will Have Some More Limericks!

As we have announced before, the popularity of Liberty's Limericks is simply a-mazing! The contest is now in its twenty-seventh week. But if you're still having a good time, we are, too. So . . . Toot! Toot!

$500 More for Limericks Next Week!

SEND 'EM IN, FOLKS! SEND 'EM IN!

ECONOMY *and* PLEASURE *in* HOME SEWING

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND 10 CENTS

By PATRICIA

TO POSSESS a well-balanced wardrobe one must select everything with care. It is far better to have only one complete outfit than several incomplete. You probably knew, before starting out to buy a new dress or coat, just what you wanted—what you knew would become you best and, above all, what would go with the things you already have; but, after tramping yourself foot and nerve weary, you have come home with the garment you considered the best value for the money you wished to pay, but not the garment which would have gone well with the clothes you already had.

The surplice closing of dress pattern No. 2368 will appeal to the older woman. The pattern is cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material, with ¾ yard of 22-inch for the revers and ¼ yard of 20-inch for the collar, are required.

Center-front-buttoning dresses are extremely smart this season. The style shown in pattern No. 2370 is easy to make. Flannel, kasha, wool, jersey, fine twills, silk crepe, and ribbed silks are materials from which you might choose. The pattern is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 42-inch material, with 1¼ yards of 18-inch contrasting.

The two-piece dress, sponsored by Chanel, is about the smartest sports or general-wear dress you could desire this spring. Flannel, kasha, ribbed silks, and crepe de Chine are used in this style, pattern No. 2384.

The pattern is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 2⅜ yards of 36-inch for the slip-on blouse and ¼ yard 32-inch black material for trimming and 1⅞ yards of 40-inch material for the skirt.

Three box plaits placed at the front of the skirt of the dress shown in pattern No. 2364 lend front fullness. This design would be smart developed in kasha or any of its derivatives. This pattern is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The dress in the 36-inch size will require 3½ yards of 40-inch material, with ⅞ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

Full skirts and snug-fitting waists are seen in many of the latest designs of the dressier type. This one is made with short sleeves, which may be lengthened with peasant sections of georgette or some other contrasting material. The dress pattern, No. 2362, is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material, with ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns

PATRICIA PATTERNS

P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City

Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

Pattern Number	Size	Price
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NAME.....

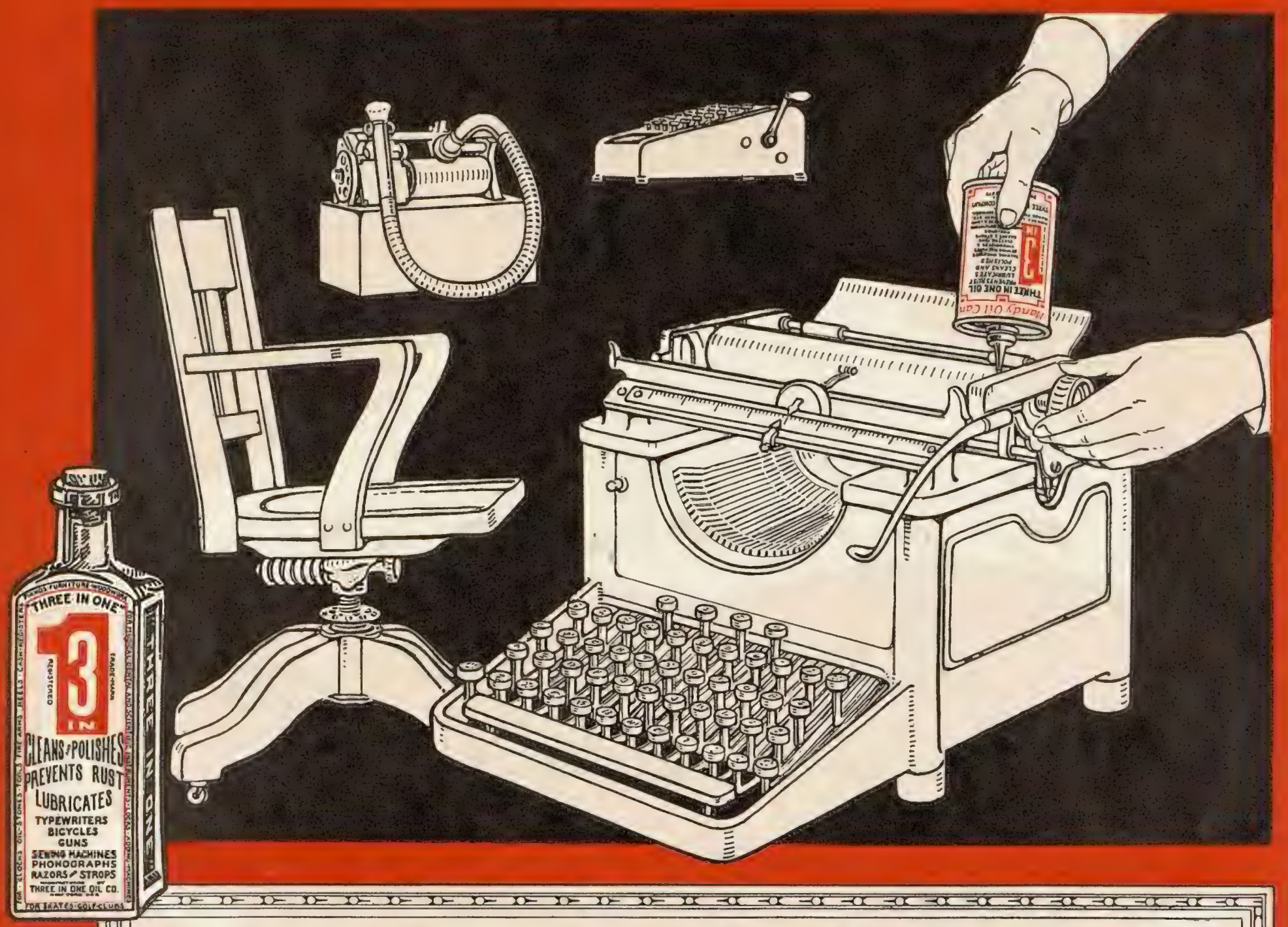
STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

HOW TO ORDER PATRICIA PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.



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BLUEBIRD GENUINE DIAMOND RINGS ARE SAFE INVESTMENTS

Taffeta —ONE *of* SPRING'S FAVORED MATERIALS

by Corinne Lowe

THIS spring is Old Home Week for fabrics. There, for example, is taffeta, which is used both as foundation and trimming. There is surah, so enshrined in the period when flappers were mere girls. The silk serges are out in full force, and so are all the good old conservative crepes.

As to this taffeta vogue! You find second from the left a dinner gown by Cheruit made of black georgette. Please don't forget, incidentally, that georgette is one of the most popular materials for this type of gown. To the crepe foundation, occurring in several layers, are added two flounces of the softest black taffeta. But the most arresting employment of the taffeta is found in that slanting band buttoning in two sections and concealing the line of closing. Very new and very unusual is this ambassador-like sash effect.

The ensemble is another item of spring dress which points to our conservatism. We find the ensemble costume more strongly stressed than ever. However, it is interesting to observe that in such types of wear the cape often supplants the familiar coat.

For an example of the cape-ensemble let us point to Molyneux's charming creation at the upper right. Intended for the restaurant or country club dance, the gown of green crepe is enveloped by a cape of matching crepe lined with green silver cloth and collared in coq feathers dyed to match. Many of the spring capes are circular and quite a few are plaited below the tight-fitting shoulders, but this one is gored. As to the feathers, these represent one of the favored spring thoughts concerning trimming.

And now I am going to call your attention to a new version of the familiar old navy frock. Second from the right you see how Miler Soeurs have contrived to administer a spring tonic to the silhouette. They do it by means of draperies on both corsage and skirt which are divided by a long narrow panel. The panel is a kind of reviewing stand for white buttonholes. No buttons, you understand! Just that lineup of idle but highly decorative slits.

The designers have thought and thought, but they haven't been able to invent anything more charming for sports wear than the jumper frock. The best they can do is to jazz up the habitual contours with some new trimming. At the lower left Lanvin shows you one of her latest jumper modes distinguished by the fact that it has two collars—one of black and one of the red crepe forming the frock. The skirt, too, plays a new trick, for, instead of being plaited, it is laid out in narrow panels floating outward to reveal their black under side. The cuffs repeat the touch of black in their lining and a narrow belt of self-material is the final touch.

THAT the coat often yields to the cape in the fashionable ensemble costume is demonstrated by Molyneux in this model of green crepe. The gored cape is lined with green silver cloth and collared in matching coq. A silk rose in natural color is inset in an upward scallop of the corsage.

LET us have a collar shower, Lanvin urges, in this sports frock of red crepe. So she places under her boyish collar another one of black crepe. The skirt is arranged in narrow panels lined with black crepe.

A LITTLE taffeta is not a dangerous thing this spring—far from it! Cheruit, indeed, asserts the safety of the taffeta course by adding touches of this fabric in a soft black to an unco smart dinner dress of black georgette. Three roses in shaded tones of pink spring from the shoulder.

THE sort of frock which every woman needs every day is developed here by Miler Soeurs in navy blue crepe with jabot effect of drapery on both skirt and bodice. A row of white buttonholes is ranged on the front panel.

The STORY of a GIRL PIONEER

Concerning a Young Woman Who Wanted to Live Just Like the Heroine of a Novel

By ELIAS TOBENKIN

Picture by J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

IN SETTING down the story of how I found my way from a stenographer's job in New York to a small ranch in California—and how I have made good on the land—I disclaim any desire to play the role of a feminine Horace Greeley. I am raising no such slogan as "Go West, young woman." This account is neither a brief nor a panacea.

For some time, now, my neighbors have become accustomed to take me at my face value—as a precise young woman, who understands her affairs and is businesslike in her dealings. They are not only respectful toward me; some of them have even grown quite friendly. There was a time, however, in the course of my early pioneering as a woman farmer when questioning eyes were continually leveled at me. Why should a girl, who hailed from a big city, and who was not bad to look at, immure herself in the country with her chickens and her rabbits?

Why, indeed? I often asked myself the same question. I have spent many a sleepless hour wondering over my course. Was it right? Was it practical? Would it best serve my needs, physical and spiritual?

My doubts and heartaches are of the past. I have made good as a farmer. I have found a certain repose. Vaguely I feel the approach of that something that will consummate my destiny as a woman. In the hour of success it is not unpleasant to re-live in memory the brunt and burdens of the past, to retrace their course and one's own progress step by step—and hence this story.

We lived in a railroad town seventy-five miles west of New York. My father was a railroad engineer. Mother often told us that he grew handsomer as he grew older, that his thinning gray hair made his face softer than his original coppery red mane. Certain it is that he had grown kinder and mellower with age. My older sisters were married. My brother, three years my senior, had gone to work in the office of the railroad company. Father often dreamed of a college career for me. He could afford it now, he thought.

Half way through my senior year at high school, however, he came home from his run one evening, went to bed, and three days later died. Brother became the sole support of the family and, directly on leaving school, I applied for a job at the railway office—almost everybody in town worked for the railroad—got it and went to work.

A year passed, then two. Mother had become inured to her widowhood. I had become proficient in my job and was beginning to think of my future.

In the middle of the third year our family experienced a second shock. My brother had become engaged, and to the girl in our set that I cared the least about. She disliked me, and I could not possibly think of staying under the same roof with her. It would scandalize the town if I went to live with strangers. I could not make up my mind to stay with one or the other of my sisters.

THE railroad company's main offices were in New York. The manager said he would give me a letter to the superintendent there. I was twenty-two years old when I knocked at the gates of the metropolis.

Those gates opened wide for me. There are people who have lived in New York most of their lifetime, but who have never ceased to think of the small town whence they came as "home." The very opposite was true in my case. No sooner was I settled in my job and in my room than the homely, smoky town of my birth went out of my horizon.

I set out to round off the sharp corners of my education. I was possessed of all the fundamentals, but of none of the graces, and these it was my determination to acquire. Concerts, lectures, theaters absorbed me the whole of my first year.

The second year came friendships. With no effort on my part I had become popular with girls, with men.

Another year passed and a third was under way. One or two friends had dropped out of our circle, one or two others came in, but there were no marriages. That was the thing that was becoming most conspicuous. There was very little marrying going on in our circle. We girls talked about it, sometimes jokingly, sometimes in earnest.

Nor was our circle an exception. As a class we office workers seemed to be behind as marriageable entities.

The men of our acquaintance always seemed to be waiting for something to happen, something that would move them up, would bring them nearer to the top when, of course, they would come and offer you hand and heart. In the meantime——

I cannot recall the exact processes, or stages, but there gradually forced itself upon me a realization, in the winter, and more especially in the summer which followed, that my friendships with men, my acquaintanceships, were assuming a quality of transiency. Nor was I wholly surprised. It was as if I had been expecting such a turn of events all along. There was a reserve in my character which was pleasing to men up to a certain point. Beyond that they were not so pleased. There was no question about my being good. I was that, all right. But was I not too good? That was what most of my acquaintances appeared to want to ask.

Frequently at the close of a Sunday's outing, when a friend would bring me to the door, I would extend my hand to him in parting, I was aware of a gaze of disapproval in my companion's eyes, as if I were not playing the game according to rules. . . .

Invitations from men were becoming fewer and my companionships with women stronger. We girls would make up our own parties now. We would go to dinner and to the theater. We would go out for long walks on Sundays. Also as a class we were now doing more reading.

WE shared our reflections with one another. I found that my friends were going through the same mental and soul crises that I was going through. Nothing tangible had entered their lives. It seemed that if you did not plunge into marriage before the age of discretion had obtained a hold on you, it was hard to do any plunging after that. With eyes wide open one could not marry on a shoestring. Men and women alike had this feeling. Neither would any longer be swayed by emotion alone. Reason became the third party at every tryst and put a restraining hand, as it were, upon one's desires and upon one's weaknesses.

Our attitude toward men was changing and even more was their attitude toward us changed. A girl of twenty-seven was looked upon as a woman "having a right to her own life," having a right "to make decisions for herself." Some girls we knew were making such decisions, and were "asserting their rights." We talked about them, sometimes critically, sometimes noncommittally. We wondered were these girls right in what they were doing.

It was at this time that I made the acquaintance of a girl, or perhaps more correctly, woman, of thirty-two or thirty-three, a gradu-

As he left that evening he said that he would have a surprise for me the next time he called. But it will be no surprise to me.

ate of a woman's college, who was holding an important position with a statistical bureau. One evening just as I was leaving the office she called up. She was telephoning from home, she said. She was not well. Would I come up after dinner? I started for her home immediately.

My friend lived in a one-room apartment near Columbia University. The place was in disorder and she was pacing up and down the floor like a shadow. She had not been out of the house, and had not eaten in two days. I did not let her talk, and, putting the coffee on the gas stove, I ran downstairs to get something for our dinner. In a half-hour a steaming meal was on the table. Between bites, and over my protest, she spoke of her troubles. She had just broken with a man, broken after three years of acquaintance, intimacy. . . . Moreover, it was not the first time she had gone through this experience. Twice before the same thing had happened. Three times now she had hitched her wagon to the wrong star. This last she said with a dry sobbing.

There was a phonograph in the house and a splendid collection of records. The sorrows and suffering of the world seemed concentrated in those records, and they had a strange effect upon my friend. It was as if her troubles had become suffused with those of the rest of mankind. She was talking now quietly, almost impersonally. It was what she said under the spell of music that evening that worked a profound revolution in me.

"I have always pictured my life," she said, "as a continuous story with one hero, with one man. But the world—or is it my own weakness, my intense craving for tenderness, for companionship?—has decreed otherwise. Instead of being one rounded whole, my life has been cut up into short stories, as it were, into a chain of brief, painful episodes. I gave a few years of my life to one man, a few to another, and some more years to a third . . . Oh, my God!" . . ."

It was my turn to lie awake that night and to be heartsick the following day, and for days after. A "novel, a continuous, rounded story"—that was what I, what every girl of my acquaintance, wished her life to be. Instead, more and more of us were tearing our life, our love, strip by strip. . . .

I was in revolt without knowing against whom and against what. I had just passed my twenty-eighth birthday. My mother was no longer among the living, and my sisters and brother were each absorbed in their own family affairs—and troubles. I lay awake one night thinking over my life, my future, when the thought of the West occurred to me. Men, when they have made a fizzle of things, or when they are tired, go West for a change, for a fresh start. Why not women? Why not I? Why not go West?

Spring was in the air. Boys were selling

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Something *NEW* *for* BOBBED HAIR

There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well — which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight is. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25c direct to J. W. KOBI CO., 660 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

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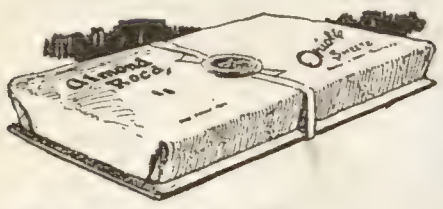

Almond Roca

—the West has "gone wild" over it!

Are you a favored one? Surest proof is that some wonderful somebody has remembered you with a box of Almond Roca. Neither chocolate nor hard candy! Unusual? — Most! Different? — Decidedly! The West has "gone wild" over it! May as well attempt description of a Grand Canyon Sunset as Almond Roca. Both defy it! But, for a dollar and a half, you can buy a package. If you live east of the Rockies, you may have to address us direct —but the reward, you'll find, will more than justify the effort. And, when you address us, please include your dealer's name, for we want to cater to your future wishes through him * * * BROWN & HALEY, *Confectioners to the Elect*, Tacoma, Washington

Almond Roca

"An Extraordinary Confection"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

lilacs on the street corners. The evenings had become tantalizingly beautiful and hopelessly lonely.

One evening, the first week in May, my train slid out from the Grand Central station. I was bound West. My ticket read for San Francisco.

The first adobe houses on the plains between New Mexico and Arizona put the idea of the soil into my head. They were such a contrast, those clay huts, to the skyscrapers from which I was going, so full of repose and of a primitive sort of dignity.

THE morning we were to reach San Francisco I rose early. The train was running through a valley which seemed like a succession of flower gardens. Town after town hove into view. One of these in particular cast a spell over me. It was so fresh and virgin. The people, the streets, the buildings, seemed as if they had just awakened to life and were gazing about them in wonderment.

Outside the town were small farms in various stages of development. Some of them were overgrown with vines and flowers and looked as if they had been there a long time.

Others looked sketchy and skeletonized. They were farms of pioneers on the land. I made up my mind that I would come out to this place again. I did so much sooner than I expected.

I had letters of recommendation from the railroad company in the East, but San Francisco, with its skyscrapers on lower Market Street, seemed so much like Manhattan with its lower Broadway.

After a week I tired of it. If I were a man, I mused to myself, I would leave everything behind, go out to that little town that I saw, dig my claws into a piece of land, and hang on to it. Yes, if I were a man. . . .

And the next question was: Why can't you do it, anyway? Indeed, why couldn't I? Women were pioneering in almost every calling—why not on the land?

I will not attempt to describe in detail the successive mental and physical processes which brought me back to that little town which lodged so firmly in my brain on my first morning in California. I had twelve hundred dollars, the inheritance that fell to my share on my mother's death, plus my own meager savings. Half of this amount I put away for any eventualities that might arise; with the other half I started my venture in farming.

I decided, after inquiries, on a combination of chicken and rabbit raising. Three acres would serve me amply. I found just such a strip within a convenient distance from the town and bought the land. Then began a struggle in earnest.

For three years I lived a life of self-effacement. I ate no food except what I produced on my own land and for what I could exchange the product of my own labor. I wore no clothes except working clothes. I knew no holidays and no Sundays. Until I built my own house I roomed with neighbors—but I lived near my chicken houses and my rabbit kennels. I guarded against friend and enemy alike, and I learned from both.

Today, in the beginning of my fifth year on the land, my three acres are paid for. The bungalow on it is nearly paid for. I have a small car of my own, which enables me to reach a better selling center twenty-five miles from my place, and to dispose of my products more advantageously.

In the house I have a few comforts, and I am beginning to salvage parts of my Sundays and my holidays. In my hours of rest, and as a recreation, I often play on the phonograph those pieces which I had played in my friend's little flat in Columbia Heights on that night when she told me of her love flames and how they had, one by one, turned to ashes.

Often in the evening twilight I watch from my window the figure of a man as he comes riding along the road toward my house. It is one of the newest settlers in the district, and we met six months ago.

He is tall and spare, with a raw strength and a humor all his own. He was born on a ranch in Montana and has worked as a hired man until about nine months ago, when he bought an orchard in the neighborhood.

AT first he used to pretend that he was coming to borrow a book or a paper. He is an avid and most intelligent reader. Now he just comes here. Frequently he asks questions about my family. I tell him about my father, about the town I was born in, railroading. He likes that. He is less interested when I talk of New York.

On his last visit he made a confession to me. He has never had more than three winters' schooling in his life, and the country schools in his native State were not of the best when he was a boy. It was his way of approaching the subject of the difference in our education, of sounding me on that difference. I told him that there was a story about a British king who could not sign his name—but he *was* king all the same.

He was pleased, and as he left the house that evening he said that he would have a surprise for me the next time he called.

But it will be no surprise to me.

THE END

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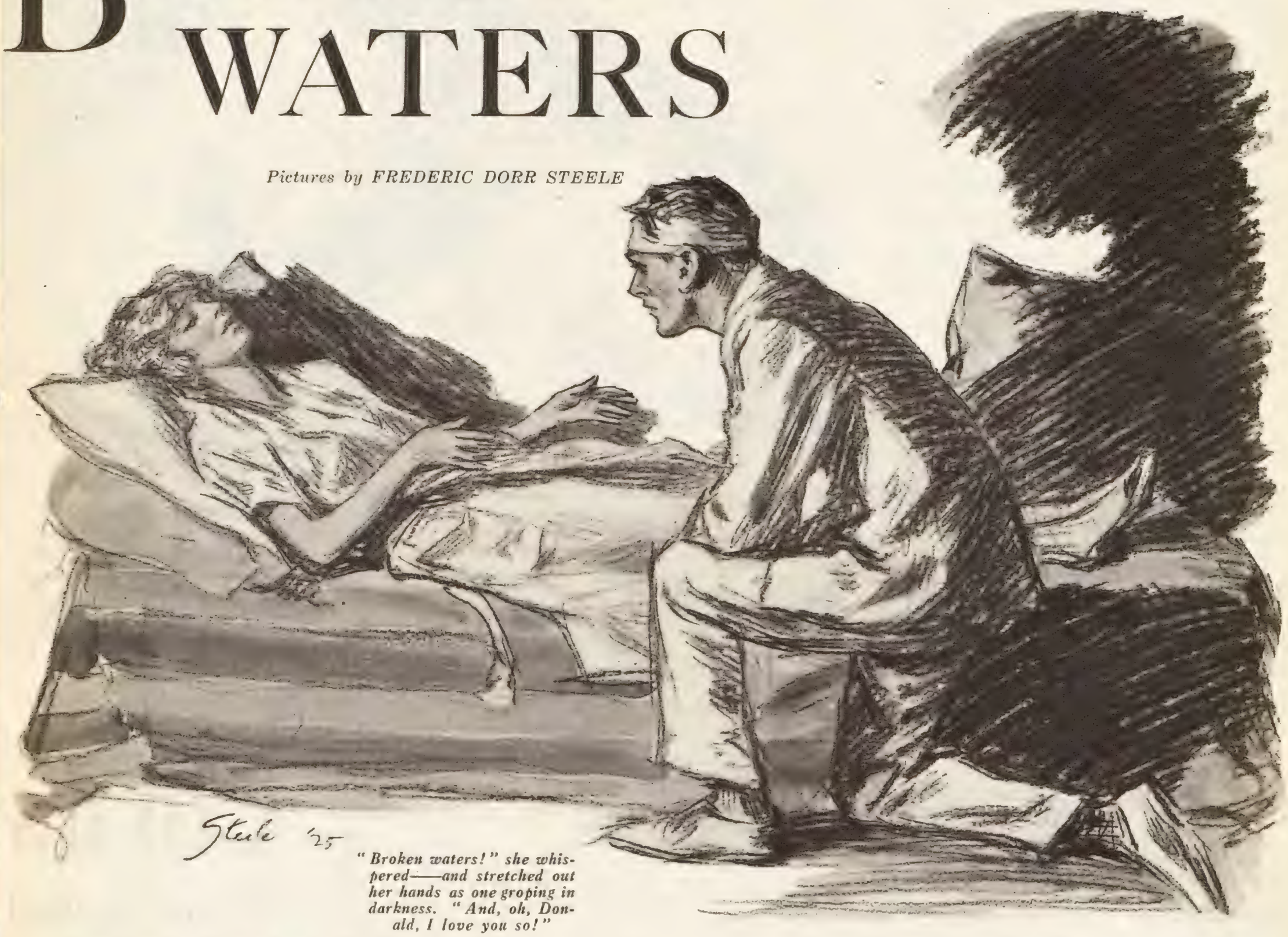
Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

BROKEN WATERS

By Frank L. Packard

Pictures by FREDERIC DORR STEELE



"Broken waters!" she whispered——and stretched out her hands as one groping in darkness. "And, oh, Donald, I love you so!"

A Serial of Romance in a Tropic Setting of Bright Sun and Sparkling Seas—Adventure, Mystery, and a Struggle for a Fortune in Jewels

FINAL INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XV.

ANNE did not look at Donald—her face was crushed in her hands now.

He heard a sudden, broken sob.

"What does this mean, Anne?" he cried out, desperately. "There must be some—some *other* explanation!"

Anne's little figure slowly drew itself erect.

"There is no—no other explanation," she said in a low monotone.

Something stabbed with brutal hurt at Lane's heart. That letter to Thompson!

"It was you who wrote that letter I received in Kaliti—to keep me away from here?" he said in a dead voice.

"Yes," she answered.

He passed his hand wearily across his eyes.

"How did you know about this?"—he jerked his hand toward the open panel. "And how did you know the package was there; and how did you know about the package in the first place?"

"I have known about the panel ever since I was a child," she answered. "I guessed the package was there. Your other question I refuse to answer."

He turned away for a moment, sick at heart, trying to force his mind to think calmly.

"If it was you who wrote that letter, it must have been you who took that paper from my pocket last night."

"Yes," she said.

"What did you do with it?"

"I destroyed it," she answered.

If he could make her disprove her statements! Prove her illogical out of her own mouth!

"If you intended to get here before anyone from the Alola did, and intended to get that package before anyone was able to interfere, what was the object in attempting to hold me over in Kaliti?"

She shook her head in a tired way.

"I was not sure I *could* get here first," she said. "But if you were not here, Monsieur Faradeau, since he did not have the paper, would not be given the package and be able to go away with it again on the Alola, and I would still have been able, when everybody had gone to bed, to get in here and take it."

"My God!" Donald Lane turned away again, his face white, haggard, drawn. A thief! Anne—a thief! Presently he looked up. From the distance there came faintly the sound of voices.

"Someone is coming," he said dully. "I—I think you had better go."

She did not answer him, did not look at him again, but crossed the room and went out through the open doors.

FOR a time Donald Lane stood motionless, like a man carved in stone, his eyes fixed on the spot in the moonlight just beyond the veranda where she had disappeared from view.

The sound of voices again, nearer, louder now, roused him. The package on the floor caught his eye. He stepped forward, picked it up, returned it to its hiding place, and closed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

the panel. Then he took a match from his pocket, struck it, and lighted a lamp.

A moment later John Crane appeared on the veranda. Behind him was Monsieur Faradeau.

"Hello, Donald!" John Crane called out in amazement. "How'd you get here? I understood from Monsieur Faradeau here, and also from Captain Croon, that you were staying over in Kaliti in response to a letter you'd received from Thompson transmitting a request of mine to attend to some business with him—a request, incidentally, that I never made."

"I found that out," said Lane, grimly. "That's why I'm here. I borrowed Thompson's motor boat."

Monsieur Faradeau came hurriedly forward and caught Lane's hand effusively.

"*Sacré nom!*" he exclaimed, "but you are a man! This is good fortune for me! Monsieur Crane, your uncle, has been most kind. He has said that, after our business was transacted, he would even send me to Sydney on his yacht, since the Alola would be gone, and that meanwhile I was to be his guest."

"The yacht's back?" Lane asked, and, at an affirmative nod from John Crane, "I thought I saw a riding light in the lagoon." He added quickly: "Monsieur Faradeau, of course, has told you the story of his mission and about the theft of the paper last night? I sent word for him to do so."

"Yes," said John Crane, slowly. "And this little game that was played on you at Kaliti, but which you seem to have beaten, appears to be the second move in the attempt to rob Monsieur Faradeau and deceive me. But I can't quite understand what form it was to take—or is to take. If Monsieur Faradeau were out of the way and the paper were presented to me by an impostor, the play would be obvious—but Monsieur Faradeau is here."

"YES," said Monsieur Faradeau, "that is so. But it is all the more reason that I should, now that it is possible, go away at once with that package, before whatever is to be attempted can be put into effect. It is certain that the package is not safe here any more. I can put it in Captain Croon's strong box, and in Sydney deposit it in a safety vault while I am negotiating for its sale, as I have been instructed to do."

John Crane pulled thoughtfully at his tawny beard. "Well, I suppose that's so," he said; then, abruptly: "Donald, Monsieur Faradeau says he gave a certain paper, since stolen, into your keeping. Could you swear that it was in my handwriting?"

"Absolutely!" Donald Lane replied emphatically. "There is no question about it whatever."

"This is not a light matter," said John Crane, gravely. "You are sure that it corresponds with the other copy which we have here and which you have seen?"

"I am sure," said Donald.

"That's all right, then," said John Crane, quietly, "for I was satisfied that, so far as his story was concerned, Monsieur Faradeau's identity could not be disputed." He opened the sliding panel and took out the brown paper parcel.

"Here it is," he said, and handed it to Monsieur Faradeau. "We'll now check it up." He thrust his hand inside the panel again, felt around for a moment, and brought out a slip of paper. "Here's the other list."

"Monsieur," said Monsieur Faradeau, earnestly, "I do not question the——"

"Open it, anyway," laughed John Crane. "I might be handing you a package of old nails. I checked it up when I got it; we'll check it up now when I hand it back."

Between the two men was a dicebox, and directly in front of each was an individual little heap of jewels.

The items comprising the package were checked, and the package tied up again.

"I thank you most sincerely for your great kindness," said Monsieur Faradeau. "I wonder, though"—he glanced inquiringly at Donald Lane—"if, since I have this with me, Monsieur Lane would be good enough to walk back with me to the ship? I would feel safer."

"Certainly I will!" agreed Lane promptly.

"Then I'll go now," said Monsieur Faradeau. "Afterward I am sure you will have a great deal to say to each other, and I would only be intruding."

Monsieur Faradeau shook hands with John Crane and, accompanied by Donald Lane, set out on the return journey to the Alola. He talked constantly—he mingled renewed assurances of his gratitude with accounts of experiences in Russia.

Donald Lane was in no mood for conversation—he was even an inattentive listener.

At the shore of the lagoon they parted, as Monsieur Faradeau stepped into a native boat and was rowed out to the Alola.

Donald Lane watched the boat until it reached the Alola's side, then he turned and began to retrace his steps slowly to the house.

CHAPTER XVI.

A LIGHT was still burning in the living room when Donald Lane, on his return, came in sight of the house again. His uncle, then, was still sitting up, waiting for him! Well, he would have to see it through—make some casual excuse—and, for the rest, keep the conversation on the safe topic of business.

He stepped onto the veranda and walked toward the living room doors—but halted on the threshold as a native servant came hurriedly forward and handed him a sealed envelope.

He glanced inside the living room. It was empty. Then he tore the envelope open, and stared in a stunned way at the half dozen scrawled words that met his eyes:

Come at once to Walton's house.
JOHN CRANE.

It wasn't from Anne—it wasn't what he had been afraid of, thank God! But his uncle at Henry Walton's! The men hadn't spoken to each other for years!

"How long since Mr. Crane left here?" he demanded brusquely of the servant.

The man answered rapidly in the native tongue—then suddenly grinned, and, running into the living room, placed his finger on the dial of the clock.

"Ten minutes ago!" Lane ejaculated. "All right!"

HE turned abruptly, jumped from the veranda, and regained the road. And now he ran at top speed. It was a little more than a mile to Henry Walton's place, and soon he came in sight of Henry Walton's house. There was a light in one of the upper windows, and a light showing through the interstices of the outer, slatted door of one of the rooms that opened on the veranda. The house was quite close to the road, and he could see now what looked like the forms of several men grouped outside the door on the veranda through which came the narrow streaks of light.

There was a short stretch of lawn in front of the house. Lane started to cross this, but halted suddenly as one of the group on the veranda, evidently catching sight of him, came quickly forward in his direction—and a moment later he could see that it was John Crane.

He waited for his uncle to join him.

"Saw you coming and was afraid you'd make a noise," said John Crane in a whisper. "Come along—and not a sound, remember, especially on the veranda."

"But what's up? What's the matter?" demanded Lane.

"You'll see in a minute," John Crane answered. "No time to tell you now."

Anne! Yes, it must be that they had found out! It couldn't be anything else; and, worse still, his uncle had brought others into it, too—there were two men there on the veranda.

"But look here, uncle"—Lane's voice was anxious—"before you go any farther with this, I——"

"Come along!" interrupted John Crane briskly—and, turning, started back for the veranda again.

Lane followed—there was nothing else to

"Good God!" Lane muttered under his breath. "Splitting the swag——" There was a snarl in John Crane's whisper. "We've seen enough! If you've got the door unlocked, Fleming, let's carry on!"

do. The others made room for him before the door of the lighted room.

At a nudge from his uncle, Lane leaned forward a little reluctantly to peer through the slats—and the next instant hung there tense, amazed, and confounded at what he saw.

Inside, on the floor of the room, lay a discarded piece of brown wrapping paper; spread out upon a table and resting on a bed of white cotton, a magnificent array of jeweled ornaments scintillated in the light; at the table sat Mr. Henry Walton and Monsieur Faradeau. Between the two men was a dicebox, and directly in front of each was an individual little heap of jewels.

And now, as Lane watched, Mr. Henry Walton picked up the dicebox, shook it, rolled the dice on the table—and passed the box to Monsieur Faradeau. Monsieur Faradeau went through the same pantomime. Mr. Henry Walton grinned, studied the central heap of ornaments attentively for an instant, and then, selecting one, added it to his individual pile. Monsieur Faradeau in turn did likewise.

"Good God!" Lane muttered under his breath.

"Splitting the swag by dicing for first choice each time" — there was a snarl in John Crane's whisper—"but I'll bet it's Walton's idea and that the dice are loaded. But we've seen enough! If you've got the door unlocked, Fleming, let's carry on!"

"Right!" Lane heard the man at his elbow whisper back. "Stand aside a little!"

It seemed to Lane, his mind still in confusion and a maze, that the thing had happened in a flash—the door was flung violently open, and he found himself standing inside the room with his companions.

The voice of the man who had broken in the door rang out sharply:

"I'm Fleming, of the Sydney police, gentlemen!" He was covering the two men at the table with a revolver. "Hardly worth while to make trouble, I think."

Monsieur Faradeau gave a startled cry; Mr. Henry Walton half rose from his chair—and dropped back again with a phlegmatic shrug of his shoulders.

"Perhaps not," he drawled; "but this is a bit high-handed, isn't it — breaking into my house? However, I see my *friend,* Mr. Crane there—perhaps that explains it."

"Yes!" Crane's voice boomed out suddenly. "It does!"

The man who described himself as Fleming, of the Sydney police, was still covering the two men at the table. He spoke now gruffly.

"I arrest you both," he said, "for the robbery of those jewels from the Paris branch of Kingsley, Mertlewaite & Company of London."

CHAPTER XVII.

DONALD LANE was the only man in the room who moved; there was a sudden choking sensation in his throat, and his fingers sought and tugged at his collarband.

"It's a lie!" shouted Monsieur Faradeau. "It's a lie! These things were sent to Mr. Crane by his friend, Monsieur Martin Todd."

Donald Lane heard a voice speak quietly from behind him.

"I am Martin Todd," it said.,

Lane swung sharply around. It was the third man who had been outside on the veranda.

Monsieur Faradeau's jaw had dropped.

"I never saw you before!" he muttered.

"That's it, *exactly,*" said Martin Todd.

"You're a bit of a fool, Faradeau!" murmured Henry Walton caustically. His eyes appeared to rest speculatively for an instant on the dicebox, then he smiled calmly around the circle. "However, your—er—confession makes little difference—I fancy the jig's up. But just how this pleasant little *dénouement* has come about is not quite clear in my mind."

"Then I'll tell you!" said John Crane harshly. "Two weeks——"

"Just a minute!" interrupted Fleming of the Sydney police. "Stand up, you two!" he ordered coldly; and then, as he was obeyed, "Mr. Todd, would you mind going through them for arms while I keep them covered?"

Lane's brain was whirling. Anne's father was in this! He found himself repeating that phrase continually to himself. It seemed a hopelessly damning sort of thing — and a chance word would bring Anne in, too. He saw a revolver taken from each of the men. Fleming had drawn a pair of handcuffs from his pocket.

The room was hot, stifling—Lane tugged with his fingers at his collarband again. The sweat was standing out in beads on his forehead. Queer that no one else seemed to find the heat unbearable! Anne's father had his right wrist locked to Monsieur Faradeau's left.

"I think"—Henry Walton's voice came cool and utterly unmoved—"you were interrupted, Mr. Crane?"

"Yes," snapped John Crane; "but to good purpose! Two weeks ago my yacht, that had been in Sydney for repairs, came back to Talimi. It brought Mr. Todd here on a visit to his old haunts.

"I supposed, when I first saw him, that he had come in person for the package of jewels, for up to that time I had had no suspicion that anything was wrong. I"—he smiled grimly—"had not been aware up to that time that the Paris jewel robbery had been the talk of the continent for a week after it occurred."

Henry Walton waved his free hand airily. "A tribute to Monsieur Faradeau," he said softly. "He is amazingly clever in such matters. The yacht's wireless——"

"Yes!" said John Crane curtly. "That also became clear. I immediately sent the yacht back to Sydney to report to police headquarters. A cable was sent to Paris for a list of the stolen articles, and Inspector Fleming here came back on the yacht. We compared the cabled description with the contents of the package, and found them to correspond—and then waited for the next move. It was obvious that it must come through the medium

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of the Alola, for there was no other way of reaching Talimi.

"I met the Alola tonight, while Mr. Todd and Fleming kept in the background. We were rewarded by Monsieur Faradeau's appearance. The result is that we are here!"

"Thank you!" said Henry Walton pleasantly. "It explains—er—partially."

Martin Todd was a heavy-built, red-faced man, and obviously choleric of temper. He banged his fist suddenly upon the table.

"I want to know how the devil you brought me into this!" he snapped.

"Oh, that!" Henry Walton shrugged his shoulders. "It is almost childishly simple, isn't it? The actual robbery was a mere bagatelle. The real problem was to get the loot out of the country without any trace of it being left behind. I'd had my eyes on the job for quite a while, and"—he turned suddenly to John Crane—"I'd thought of you and your yacht, too, Crane, in connection with it—for quite a while! It was merely a question of waiting for one of your periodical visits to Havre—and capitalizing the intimacy that you told me existed between Martin Todd and yourself."

Neither Martin Todd nor John Crane made any response.

Fleming, who had been staring at Henry Walton's face, suddenly stepped to the edge of the table, and snatched the pince-nez from his prisoner's nose. And then for a long minute he stared intently again into his eyes.

"BY GOD, I know who you are now!" he burst out. "You are John Railler, alias a dozen other names, the Holsgate bank thief who escaped from Dartmoor, and whom we caught and held in Sydney while we waited for Marston of the Yard to come out and take you back! You were supposed to have gone down with the Kandahar sixteen years ago!"

Henry Walton's voice came with smooth imperturbability:

"I had perhaps a little the advantage of you, Fleming. I recognized you the moment you entered the room. I am John Railler. Well"—he shrugged his shoulders—"I'm out of luck—for the moment. Would it be too much to ask why you did not arrest my friend Faradeau the moment he presented himself? You—er—hardly expected he would lead you *here?*"

"No," Crane said; "in spite of knowing you for a cur, you are the last man I would have suspected. We knew there were others besides Faradeau in this; and we knew that someone else was here in Talimi on the same mission as he was—but, so far as we could make out, the 'someone else' was trying to double-cross Faradeau. He was watched from the moment he went back on board the Alola."

"You thought he was being double-crossed, of course," said Henry Walton, "because his paper was stolen from him last night?"

"Not only that," John Crane answered tersely, "but because someone tried to keep Donald here from reaching Talimi tonight."

"Oh, I see!" Walton broke into a chuckle. "Amusing to the last! Poor Anne! She——"

He stopped abruptly. Donald Lane had sprung forward to the edge of the table, his face set and white, his fists clenched tightly.

"Ah!" Walton said calmly. "Of course! Mr. Lane! I quite understand your feelings, but I was merely going to say that Anne is quite innocent of any intentional wrongdoing; she has, on the contrary, been—er—impetuous even in her virtue. Anne, I regret to say, overheard Faradeau and myself discussing this affair the night before last, in the bungalow at Fiji. She was very much distressed at discovering herself to be the daughter of a criminal—to a large extent, I fancy, on account of the fact that she had recently fallen in love.

"She was given the alternative of sacrificing the life of the gentleman of her choice—you, Mr. Lane—or giving a pledge to say nothing of what she had overheard. She chose the latter—and salved her conscience by reserving to herself the right to prevent the crime itself by her own efforts if she could."

Donald gripped the table edge. His brain was in tumult. To—to save him! And he——

"Who is this Anne?" demanded Fleming abruptly. "Whose daughter is she?"

"His own," John Crane answered shortly.

"My word!" ejaculated Fleming. "She must be a precocious child, to fall in love and take a hand in this sort of thing at the age of—well, say fifteen at the very most."

"Anne is not a child," John Crane grunted, with a short laugh. "She is a young woman of nineteen or twenty."

There was a strange silence for a moment. Donald Lane found himself staring from Fleming to Henry Walton and back again. The eyes of each man held the other's fixedly.

And then Henry Walton smiled faintly.

"Fleming," he murmured, "you should rise high in your profession!"

"It's a matter of simple arithmetic," Fleming answered curtly. "She couldn't be your daughter. If she is nineteen or twenty, she was three or four years old when the Kandahar went down, sixteen years ago. You were on the Kandahar, a prisoner in charge of Marston, on your way back to Dartmoor. For six years previous to that you were in Dartmoor serving a twenty year sentence when you escaped. She couldn't be your daughter. Who is she?"

Again Henry Walton shrugged his shoulders.

"Apart from the fact that, besides myself, she is the only survivor of the Kandahar I know of, I haven't the slightest idea."

Donald Lane cried out sharply.

"Anne's not your daughter? You say she was saved with you from the Kandahar! How? Tell me how!"

Henry Walton eyed Lane for a moment.

"No reason why I shouldn't," he drawled finally. "We were in the purser's boat—a lot of us. I don't know how many days we were in the boat—I never knew. At the end it drifted ashore on an island where there were only natives. The only ones alive by that time were the child and myself. We were taken care of in a native village. We stayed there a year and afterward, well—er—I made a fresh start. The purser's box had a few thousand pounds in it, and——"

"And with a 'daughter' to bolster up your new identity, and the past wiped out by your supposed death, you became Mr. Henry Walton of Talimi and Paris, and started in at your old game again," cut in Fleming, of the Sydney police, evenly. "I can quite see why you made no effort to find out who she was; but a reference to the passenger list of the Kandahar in the steamship offices will put us on the track. A baby girl, three or four years old, is——"

"I would suggest," interrupted Henry Walton, with a queer smile, "that something more immediate than that be done for her. She has had a very trying time during the last two days, and she was barely convalescent when the Alola left Suva. I am afraid that she has been listening again and that it has been a little too much for her!" He pointed suddenly to the doorway. "Look!"

Donald Lane swung around—and then, with a cry that, surging from his soul, gave voice to an agony of distress, to fear, and love, and a great contrition, he sprang across the room. A figure was standing in the doorway—no, not standing, swaying there; a figure whose hands, clutching at the door jamb for support, were slipping nervelessly from their hold.

"Anne!" he cried, and gathered her in his arms. "Oh, my God! Anne! Anne!"

He was conscious of commotion, of voices around him—but only in a detached, extraneous way. There was a couch across the room, and he carried her there and laid her tenderly down upon it. Someone brought water. He fell to bathing her face, to chafing her hands.

"Get the doctor! Get the doctor at once!"

John Crane's voice answered him:

"I'll go myself."

A LONG time passed. He looked around him. The room was empty. Everybody was gone. He didn't remember hearing them go.

He flung himself on his knees beside the couch and buried his face in his hands. He knew an anguish that tore at his soul; but what was his anguish to what she must have suffered—the drear hopelessness, the shame, that must have broken her heart! A thief!—she had let him think her that—for his own sake.

He raised his head suddenly. She had moved a little—a deep breath like a long, weary sigh came from her.

"Anne—dear heart!" His voice trembled with eager hope. "You are better, dear?"

Her eyes were open—but there was no light of recognition in them. Her lips moved. He bent over her to catch the words.

"Broken waters!" she whispered—and stretched out her hands as one groping in darkness. "Broken waters! And, oh, Donald, I love you so!"

"We're through them, Anne! We're through them!" he cried. "It's all right now! Don't you know me, Anne? It's Donald!"

She made no answer—and he knew she had not heard him.

He buried his face again.

After a time a hand fell in a kindly way upon his shoulder.

He looked up sharply. It was the doctor—and the doctor was smilingly indicating the door.

"Yes," said Lane, hoarsely. "But you'll let me know—at once?"

"Right!" the doctor answered.

Lane stumbled across the room, and went out on the veranda. John Crane came to him. And somehow Donald Lane realized that, until now, he had never known this man, his uncle, who, with an arm thrown around his shoulders and without a word, kept pace with him up and down the veranda.

Presently the doctor came.

"No need for anxiety," he said, cheerily—and went back into the room again.

A great sob of thankfulness rose in Donald Lane's throat.

John Crane swore gruffly under the urge of emotion and relief.

"Known her since she was a little kiddie!" he spluttered. "She's the one I was thinking of in spite of that scoundrel—the one with the sunrise in her eyes the way it comes up off old Talimi here."

But Donald Lane made no answer. He was listening to a glad pæan that was sounding in his soul, to a refrain that, set to music triumphant, seemed to well from nature herself and fill all the starlight night with glory and exquisite beauty—and a great peace:

"Oh, Donald, I love you so! . . . Oh, Donald, I love you so! . . ."

THE END

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